

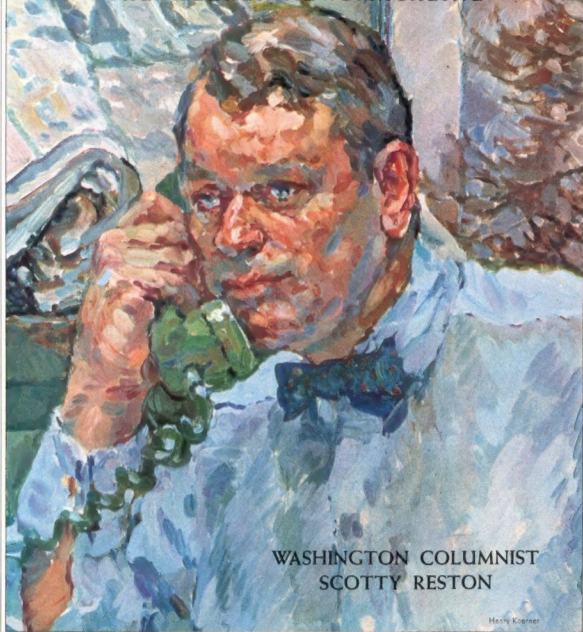
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

FEBRUARY 15, 1960

What Do You Know?
CURRENT AFFAIRS TEST

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



WASHINGTON COLUMNIST
SCOTTY RESTON

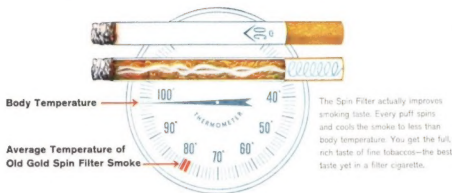
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VOL. LXXV NO. 7

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the smoke to less than body temperature



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Could your family reach the shore with only one oar?

When a man dies, his family cannot suddenly develop half an appetite, purchase half a pair of shoes, make do with half an education.

They cannot live in part of a house, pay part of a doctor bill, drive a piece of a car, any more than they can row a boat with only one oar.

What part of your present income would your family get? What part would your Social Security, insurance and other assets provide?

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The answers to all of your questions are as close as your telephone. Your Metropolitan Man can help you compute your family's unique and special needs.

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Sippin' whiskey in weathered barrels, old buildings in a quiet hollow... it's all remindful of Jack Daniel's day...

ONLY THE HORSES ARE GONE

Nothing much changes here—we make certain of that—for the method of making our whiskey was perfected almost a century ago. It's the old Tennessee process Jack Daniel employed in this very same spot. And we've faithfully kept on using it, unchanged from the past.

It's true we've acquired a number of trucks since most of our horses retired—but that gives us time to make a little *more* whiskey without rushing any part of Jack Daniel's old process. Even so, your dealer may still run out. If he does, won't you please ask for Jack Daniel's Whiskey again a little later?



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CHARCOAL
MELLOWED
THE OLD
TENNESSEE WAY

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BY DROP

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You may accept the monthly selection for
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The records you want are mailed and billed
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you wish to continue as a member after pur-
chasing six records, you will receive a Colum-
bia or Epic Stereo Bonus record of your choice
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MAIL THE COUPON TODAY! Since the number
of Beethoven Sets we can distribute on this
special offer is limited — we sincerely urge
you to mail the coupon at once.

ALSO AVAILABLE IN REGULAR HIGH FIDELITY!

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Beethoven Set for only \$8.98. The plan
is exactly the same as outlined above — except
that you join any one of the Club's four regular
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selections) for the regular high-fidelity records
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after, if I decide to continue my membership, I am to re-
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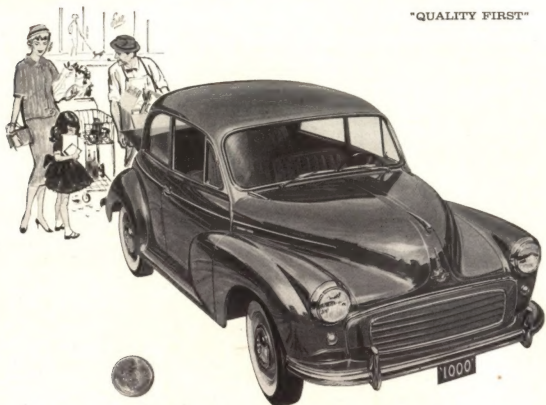
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... in greater numbers every day! And no wonder ... The frisky Morris '1000' is not only truly "compact" in size but sells for a surprisingly "compact" price (as low as a budget-happy \$1495 p.o.e.). In addition to this low initial cost you can expect ample room for your passengers, bags and baggage; peppy, easy-to-handle performance; 40 miles per gallon; a rugged, rust-proofed, unitized body plus other Morris "Quality First" features galore. Sedan, convertible and station wagon models are now available. All are backed by a full 12 months' factory warranty.

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"Northwestern Mutual increases its dividend for the eighth consecutive year!"

KARSH, OTTAWA



A NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL TRUSTEE. Mr. Kemp has been a policyowner since 1919 and has served as a trustee of this company for 13 years.

A report
by **FRANK A. KEMP,**
President,
Great Western Sugar Company

"AN INCREASE in dividends to life insurance policyowners is always good news. But in times like these, with heavier federal taxes and generally rising costs of doing business for all life insurance companies, an increased dividend is an outstanding achievement!

"As a trustee of Northwestern Mutual, I was one of those who approved this new increase. To me it is most gratifying to know that, for the eighth year running, Northwestern Mutual policyowners will benefit from an increase.

"Historically, this company has been zealously dedicated to the best interests of its policyowners. I have watched with great interest its program of investing policyowners' money in the most profitable ways, consistent with safety. And

I have admired its modern, mechanized business methods that keep overhead costs to a minimum.

"The results are a matter of record—an outstanding record among the leading life insurance companies of America.

"The pride Northwestern Mutual Agents take in this is understandable. I have met many of them over the years and have been impressed not only with their ability but with their real devotion to Northwestern policyowners."

The NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL Life Insurance Company

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LETTERS

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Northwestern Mutual
dividend rates
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since 1952

WITH LIFE INSURANCE, or any other investment, the size of dividend you get depends on two things: the rate of dividend paid and the amount of money you have earning this rate.

In any permanent life insurance policy on which you pay regular premiums, the size of your investment increases. This raises your dividend return each year, assuming the rate remains steady. Column "A" on the chart below shows what the dividends would have been for the past ten years on a \$10,000 ordinary life policy issued to a 35-year-old man if there had been no increase in dividend rate.

YEAR	"A"	"B"
1951	\$ 43.80	\$ 43.80
1952	46.70	46.70
1953	49.60	56.60
1954	52.60	61.70
1955	55.70	66.00
1956	58.80	70.30
1957	61.50	80.10
1958	64.20	85.50
1959	67.00	90.40
1960	69.80	96.40
Totals	\$569.70	\$697.50

But look at column "B"! This is what actually happened as Northwestern Mutual increased dividend rates eight times in eight consecutive years. It's a record that is outstanding among major life insurance companies.

Your local Northwestern Mutual agent will be happy to show you specific facts and figures on how money can grow faster with this company—long noted for the low net cost of its policies. The Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.



Dynamics

Sir:

Was your cinema critic perhaps a bit severe in calling Dimitri Tiomkin "probably the world's loudest composer" and stating that his music for the documentary film, *Rhapsody of Steel*, "hangs away on the sound track like a trip hammer" (Feb. 1)? Actually, the music for *Rhapsody of Steel* covers a wide dynamic range, with a substantial proportion of subdued effects.

SIGMUND SPAETH

New York City

End v. Means

Sir:

You quote Richard Nixon, avowed candidate for the presidential nomination, as follows: "A President's success is determined by his results rather than how he did it" (Jan. 25). Must I now teach my young sons that the end justifies the means?

SUZANNE GUETTEL SUSKIN
Kansas City, Mo.

Sir:

Nixon's statement is exemplary of the most pernicious ideology of our times, and one that was adopted with "success" by national socialism and atheistic materialism. Mr. Nixon has been called "tricky Dick," but in this statement he has inadvertently tricked himself, as far as I am concerned.

ADAMSON P. MCBRIDE
Adams, Mass.

Buried Treasure

Sir:

It was a disappointment to find TIME presenting the same aged and tattered stereotype of commercial diving and divers (Jan. 25). This is no reflection on Jack Coughlan. Long may his air flow sweet! But I get tired of people asking me, out on the job, if it's true that a diver earns \$100 an hour. Maybe he earns it, but he's paid more like \$100 a day.

Is there a man in the magazine or newspaper world who is constitutionally capable of writing a diving story without dragging in "silver and jewels"? Or who can resist employing the old, shameful deceit concerning the value of sunken cargo by citing its insured or market value at the date when it was loaded aboard the ship—new and being awaited by some purchaser whose plans and profits revolved around it? What would be today's value of papermaking machinery made in 1917, valued then at \$1,500,000? What would its original consignee give

for it, delivered now, even if it had not been underwater for 33 years?

ERIC J. SCHMIDT

Interlake Marine Service
Trenton, Mich.

Beauty Contest

Sir:

Unless a woman is downright homely, it seems all magazines and newspapers use such exaggerated terms as "beautiful, glamorous and handsome" when describing all females. Now TIME (Feb. 1) comes up with "handsome" to describe Mrs. John Kennedy. Mrs. Kennedy could be far more attractive if she would follow her husband's example and do something about her hair.



Hank Walker—LIFE

BETTY M. FRANCIS
Levittown, N.Y.

Sir:

If Mr. Kennedy is trying with such effort to build an image for the people, perhaps it won't be long before he approaches the speaker's rostrum wearing a monocle.

NICKI HILLS
San Leandro, Calif.

Sir:

Young Jack's a solid citizen
Whose loyalties won't err;
He'll sing "God bless the Vatican"
And wear his cap of fur.

JAMES MOREY
Durham, N.C.

Erratum

Sir:

I don't have my Latin dictionary handy, but I strongly suspect that if Theodore Francis Green has for his motto *Sinesco discens* (Jan. 25), then sinescent (but not simile) Senior Senator Green would be well advised to check his spelling.

W. W. DOLAN
Linfield College
McMinnville, Ore.

¶ Or TIME its Latin dictionary.—ED.

Undue Pressure

Sir:

To let Adam Clayton Powell and other Negroes pressure Tammany Hall into replacing Hulan Jack with another Negro just for the

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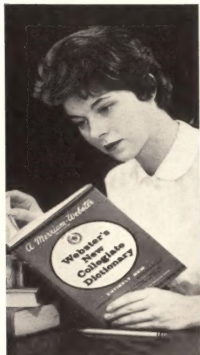
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sake of having the Manhattan borough president a Negro [Jan. 25] is a foolish thing. Whoever is qualified should get the job.

To demand such a thing would have it appear that Tammany Hall has inflicted some injustice upon the Negro race and therefore must, to appease our ire, be cautious and solicitous. Tammany Hall has no such responsibility.

We Negroes have got to accept such a situation as this for what it is—a situation in which a man compromised his political responsibility and integrity for the sake of financial benefit, and with maturity and sensibility be big enough to suppress hypersensitive feelings of race pride.

PEGGY ANN TAYLOR

Oberlin College
Oberlin, Ohio

Sociologists or Scientists?

Sir:

Yea for Myron Lieberman [Feb. 1]. It really is a sorry state of affairs when doctors, carpenters, farmers, businessmen and housewives decide school policy. I'm fast realizing why there are so many private schools around the country.

BRIAN A. HANSON

St. Albans, Me.

Sir:

Myron Lieberman's suggested cure for the ailing state of U.S. education is far worse than the disease. To give the present crop of teachers, trained in the mumbo-jumbo quackery of the schools of education, the sole responsibility for determining the curriculum is to invite a disaster of nightmare proportions.

MORRIS RAPOPORT

College Station, Texas

Sir:

Lieberman's equation of educators with physicians is not valid. Any medical association is composed of members who can prove their theories by objective or scientific tests. No layman can argue against a germ culture or test tube. What objective demonstrations will prove an educator's omniscience? The only scientific method applicable to education is trial and error. Educators are sociologists, not scientists. Their power derives from the people, not from absolute truth.

CHARLES HOLLAND

Wallkill, N.Y.

Initiative

SIR:

SERIOUSLY DISTURBED TIME AFRICA STORY [Feb. 1] ALLEGING CERTAIN ATTITUDES ON PART OF KENYATTA AND NKURUMAH TOWARD MYSELF, ALSO POSITION OF PETER KOINANGE AT KENYA CONFERENCE. KOINANGE'S PRESENCE IN LONDON RESULT OF INITIATIVE TAKEN BY ME AND OTHERS. NEITHER NKURUMAH NOR KENYATTA HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH IT. KENYATTA AND GROUP AT LOWBAR CAMP SENT ME MESSAGE WHICH I RELATED TO AFRICAN LEADERS' CONFERENCE IN KENYA ON 10TH JANUARY EXPRESSING FULL CONFIDENCE IN MY COLLEAGUES AND MYSELF AND APPROVING OUR GROUP PROPOSALS FOR LONDON CONFERENCE. NKURUMAH AND I AGREE ON MANY POINTS, DIFFER ON SOME. NKURUMAH TOO HAS SENT MESSAGE OF BEST WISHES.

TOM MBOYA

LONDON

Apathy Through Ignorance

Sir:

Comments in your magazine regarding the outbreak of anti-Semitism abroad and in this country [Jan. 25] have been very critical (and rightly so, of course). A point you make is that the present outbreak of anti-Semitism

is at least partly due to the fact that the present-day German youth is not taught the facts of history; that such embarrassing things as former concentration camps, genocide, etc. are glossed over or ignored by teachers and textbooks.

Isn't some of our own apathy in regard to civil rights due to this same sort of ignorance? Are our young people given the true facts of some ugly aspects of our own history? The chapter in my son's senior high American history book dealing with the Civil War has a pretty picture of smiling, well-dressed colored people standing near a lovely Southern mansion; there is nothing in the text to imply this is anything but typical.

MRS. JOHN HECKATHORN

Silver Spring, Md.

Lost Word

Sir:

I cannot agree more with the comment of my friend Dr. Henry Van Dusen to the effect that all orders are partially invalid in a divided Christendom and that the orders exercised by the minister of any one group are "invalid" and "incomplete," and have expressed the same thought in an article in the *Christian Century* in the same week as his letter appeared in *Time* [Jan. 18].

He asks why, in connection with my extension of episcopal orders to the Methodist chaplain of Mills College, I did not at the same time apply for a similar procedure at the hands of the Methodist Church. The answer is simple: the Episcopal Church, through Canon 26, has provided for such an authentication while leaving the candidate in his original church; the discipline of the Methodist Church has no provision. We can only make ecumenical progress by way of local "breakthroughs," by using avenues provided by the canon law of our respective churches. But Dr. Van Dusen and I are in complete agreement as to the value of using available avenues to the fullest.

(THE RT. REV.) JAMES A. PIKE

Bishop of the Episcopal
Diocese of California

San Francisco

A Bit of Gratitude

Sir:

In reference to the ingratitude of the hierarchy for the Ronald Knox translation of the Bible [Jan. 25], *Time* should not have missed the letter of Knox Biographer Evelyn Waugh to the *Tablet*, an English Catholic weekly.

"In January 1945, when royalties from the New Testament began to be paid in considerable amounts, Cardinal Griffin wrote to Ronald Knox asking whether he was 'willing to accept a fair share.' Knox gratefully declined. Any impression that Knox may have been held to a hard bargain against his will is false."

"After the Low Week meeting of 1945, the cardinal wrote to tell Knox that the £200 stipend, which had been discontinued in 1942, would be resumed. He then said: 'I am delighted to be able to convey this resolution to you, first of all because it does show how much the bishops have appreciated the work you did on the New Testament, and also what you are doing for the Old Testament, and I am sure you will be glad to know how we all support you. Secondly, we feel that we are very much in your debt.'"

"This plainly belies the remark I quote of Knox's (p. 273) that no word of thanks was ever said to him for his benefaction. I can only suppose that my informant misdated a conversation which must have occurred before 1945."

FRANCIS MEEHAN C.S.S.R.

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MARTINI & ROSSI

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IMPORTED SWEET VERMOUTH

MISCELLANY

Breach of Promise. In Akron, kindly granting her supposedly dying ex-husband's last request, Catherine Logan remarried him, had the marriage annulled after her husband unexpectedly recovered and started chasing her around his hospital room.

Room at the Top. In New York City, the *Times* ran a classified want ad: "Part-time sales trainee offering revolutionary new hair piece. You must be bald or balding."

Putting His Foot Down. In Carthage, S.Dak., when the city auditor sent out notices for dog licenses addressed to the dogs, Vergil Herron followed suit, sent back a check for the license signed with the paw print of his dog.

Mooning. In Washington, D.C., Senator Kenneth B. Keating mulled over a letter from an anxious constituent: "I don't approve of sending our men up into space. They may stay there and we'll end up by having more old maids here than ever."

The Estate. In Velika Plana, Yugoslavia, a tombstone in the village cemetery bears the inscription: "Here rests Zdravko Paunovic with his first wife Stanojka. The tombstone is erected by his third wife Dolka, from the money of his second wife, Zivkat."

Nonsupport. In New Martinsville, W.Va., Robert Lasure is campaigning for the Republican nomination for justice of the peace, while his wife Thelma is seeking the Democratic nomination for the same office.

Drummed Out. In Hillsboro, Ill., after raiding Post No. 1306, Veterans of Foreign Wars, and seizing two slot machines, Sheriff Harold Whitten was cited by the veterans as an "undesirable member," ousted from the club.

Test Flight. In Detroit, Motorist Maurice J. Shields was sentenced to 20 days in jail after leading police a merry, 105-m.p.h. chase, explaining to the judge: "I heard a knock in the engine and I wanted to work it out."

Externals. In Spartanburg, S.C., Wilbur Fowler was acquitted on a drunken-driving charge after telling the court that the odor of alcohol came from his hair tonic, not from liquor.

Option Play. In Indianapolis, Delta Tau Delta fraternity brothers at Butler University welcomed one Ray Lincoln-hall, highly recommended football prospect, as an overnight guest, next day found Lincoln-hall missing, and so were a wristwatch, ring, sweater, leather belt, shaving kit, fountain pen, electric shaver and typewriter.

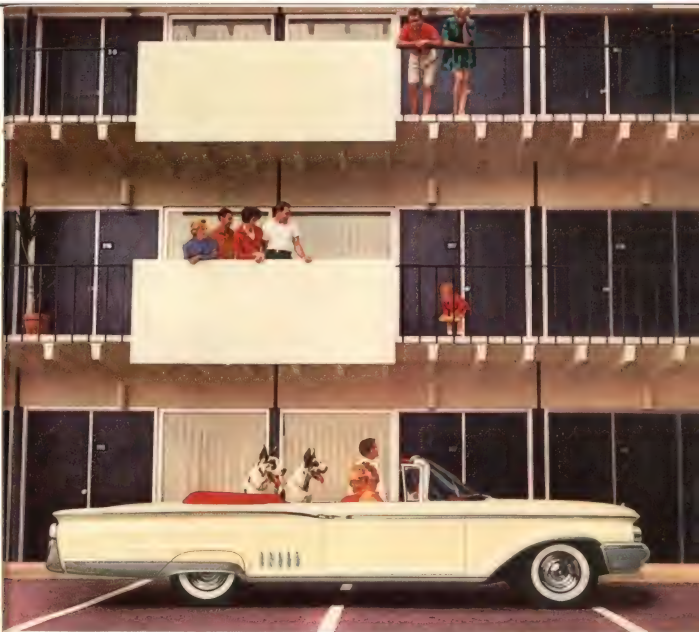


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James A. Liner

Railroads, Tariffs, Senate . . . The public has a right to know in detail about such matters. But none of these things so vitally affect the public as the press, daily and periodical. The public gets no news in regard to the news.

WITH that statement in its original prospectus, TIME from its beginning has reported regularly on the news about the news. Today the press is bigger than ever: some 57 million newspapers are printed daily in the U.S., magazine circulation stands at new peaks, radio and television play increasingly active journalistic roles. Yet, as in 1923, when TIME's first Press section appeared in TIME's first issue, the people of the press, even while dealing with nearly every other subject on and off the earth's surface, still do remarkably little reporting about themselves.

TIME's Press section is interested in all the aspects of collecting and publishing the news. But it is most interested in how the press as a whole is doing its job, what it is reporting, and who is doing the reporting and editing.

Over the years, TIME's Press covers have demonstrated the spread of TIME's interest. They range from such press lords as William Randolph Hearst (Aug. 15, 1927; May 1, 1933 and March 13, 1939) and the Chicago Tribune's Colonel Robert McCormick (May 7, 1928 and June 9, 1947) to such comic-strippers as Milton Caniff (Jan. 13, 1947) and Al Capp (Nov. 6, 1950); from such pundits as Walter Lippmann (March 30, 1931 and Sept. 27, 1937) to such scribes as Walter Winchell (July 11, 1938); from such publishers as the New York Daily News's Joseph Patterson (May 7, 1928) to his daughter Alicia of Long Island's Newday (Sept. 13, 1954).

This week, in U.S. Presidential Elec-

KOFFEND & KEOGH

tion Year 1960. TIME's cover tells the story of a reportorial breed to whom politics is meat, potatoes and sweet elixir. This is the story of the Washington press corps and its leading member: James ("Scotty") Reston, the Washington correspondent of the *New York Times*.

To report on Reston and the Washington press, onetime Chicago United Pressman Charles Mohr temporarily moved out of the White House, where he has been TIME's correspondent since 1957. The Reston cover was written by Contributing Editor John Koffield, a reporter and columnist for the Omaha *World-Herald* from 1946 until 1954, when he came to TIME, first as a Los Angeles bureau correspondent, then as a National Affairs writer in New York and, since 1958, as TIME's Press writer. It was edited by Senior Editor James Keogh, another onetime Omaha newspaperman, who was a *World-Herald* feature writer, political reporter and city editor before he came to TIME in 1951. From their combined experience in and of the press comes a noteworthy story of the ways and whys of Scotty Reston, a man who deems it his mission to influence the course of U.S. public affairs.

BY appropriate coincidence, in the same week that *TIME*'s cover deals with a man of the news, *TIME* presents a new Current Affairs Test, running the gamut of the news. It's a tough test, but we hope it will be fun.

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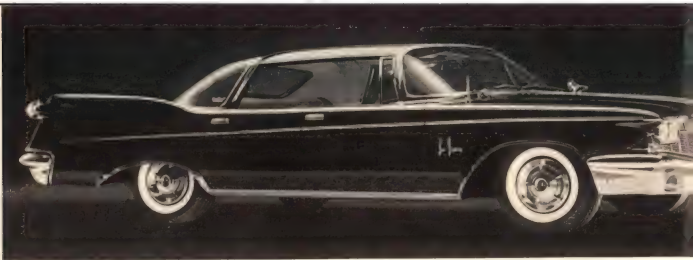
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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Dusty Answer

*Ah, what a dusty answer gets the soul
When hot for certainties in this our life!*

—George Meredith

Toward the end of President Eisenhower's press conference last week, the American Broadcasting Co.'s Edward P. Morgan asked if the President had considered the "psychological aspect of our struggle with the Russians." Was it not possible that the cumulative weight of Soviet achievements—pushing ahead of the U.S. in numbers of missiles, in the race to the moon, in rate of economic growth, in the

they claim is in ours . . . I think our people ought to have greater faith in their own system."

Morgan: Then, sir, you don't feel that there is a basic danger of defeatism?

Eisenhower: None in my soul; I'll tell you that.

Promised: Challenge. Did the President, in his off-the-cuff answer, mean to say that freedom will inevitably win? Is 20th century American democracy, shining interior of Western Christian civilization, invincible if its citizens just continue to practice democracy?

Communists believe that the ultimate victory of their system is inevitable, but the leaders of the U.S.S.R. are nevertheless

as upon "the appearance of new vistas and approaches, on exactly those unforeseeable developments for which freedom provides the opportunity."

All the others took issue with the President. Paul Weiss (*Man's Freedom*), Yale professor of philosophy, argued that "there is more to the achievement of the good than mere awareness of its desirability. It cannot be achieved without overcoming of obstacles and conquest of evil." Editor Norman Podhoretz of the Jewish magazine *Commentary* agreed with the President that "in the long run" men will choose freedom—if they are permitted a choice. But by the time men are ready to make the "long-run" choice, "the Commu-



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Tammy Weber
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Tammy Weber
PODHORETZ



Lee Salterman
HAYEK



Janet F. Coats
SCHLESINGER

Along with faith, it never hurts to keep the powder dry.

number of engineers graduated each year—might bring about a "dangerous state of mind" in which the people of the U.S. might resign themselves to accepting a "posture of second best?"

The President, who is pleased with the state of the union these days but also a little on the defensive because the political cannonading is coming closer to home, gave the question a long, thoughtful, if somewhat rambling answer.

Dictatorships can achieve great efficiency, he admitted, by turning nations into armed camps, but he believed that the free-enterprise system "produces more—not only more happiness, more satisfaction and pride in our people, but also more goods, more wealth." And then he came down hard on a point that expressed his massive faith in the ultimate victory of freedom and democracy, that "enduring form of government." He believed, he said, that "in the long run men do learn to have this same belief" in individual liberties and rights, and therefore "I believe that there is just as much of the seeds of self-destruction in the Communist system as

pushing relentlessly ahead in a mobilized effort to bring victory about. If the Communist belief in inevitable victory is false, the challenge of Soviet achievements in science, technology, education and rate of economic growth is nonetheless real. In the face of that challenge, the U.S. will be in danger if it ever comes to believe that the ultimate victory of freedom does not depend upon the performances of free societies and of free men. "Put your trust in God," said Oliver Cromwell to his soldiers, before crossing a river to do battle, "but mind to keep your powder dry."

Wanted: Purpose. Out of a dozen prominent U.S. intellectuals whom Time asked to comment on the President's faith in the inherent victory of freedom, only one, the University of Chicago's Professor F. A. Hayek, agreed with him. Said Hayek, author of *The Road to Serfdom* and *The Constitution of Liberty*: In the achievement of any particular goal that is already visible, an unfree society will often outperform a free society. But in the long run, intellectual progress depends not so much upon solution of already visible problems

nists may already have won the political and military struggle." Harvard Historian Arthur Schlesinger Jr. (*The Coming of the New Deal*) added sharply: "The reason we are falling behind lies in the lack of purpose in our national life. We are promoting private prosperity at the expense of national strength."

Required: Effort. In time, said Sidney Hook (*Marx and the Marxists*), New York University professor of philosophy, the desire for freedom in Communist countries may become so strong that genuine representative governments will emerge, but that can only come about if in the meantime the U.S. exerts the effort required to cope with Communism's "permanent state of mobilization against the free world." Harvard's Henry A. Kissinger (*Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy*) thought that freedom would not prevail "if we continue to confuse freedom with passivity and peace with lassitude."

The President got perhaps his best answer from Lionel Trilling (*The Liberal Imagination*), Columbia professor of English and comparative literature: "Perhaps

it is true that in the long run—in the very long run—men learn to value personal liberty above everything else. But that time seems not yet to have come for the people of the disadvantaged nations of the world. Many of them do not have a tradition of personal liberty, and they imagine it far less readily than they imagine national prestige and power, social order and economic efficiency. And indeed the grim fact seems to be that the example of Russia leads many of them to believe that prestige, power, order and efficiency are most easily achieved precisely by sacrificing liberty. It will need an intense and very intelligent effort on the part of the U.S. to convince them that this is not so."

DEFENSE

"All Sorts of Ideas"

The President could hardly have been surprised that another big question at his news conference dealt with the state of U.S. defenses; his morning Washington Post headlined the plea of Air Force General Thomas Power, chief of the Strategic Air Command, for a round-the-clock SAC airborne alert to cover the years (1961-63) when the U.S. will lag in missile production.

"Mr. President," asked U.P.I.'s Merriam Smith, "do you feel any sense of urgency in catching up with the Russians?" Ike was obviously irritated. "I'm always a bit amazed about this business of catching up," he snapped. "What you want is enough, a thing that is adequate. A deterrent has no added power, once it has become completely adequate, for compelling the respect of any potential opponent." The fiscal 1960 budget, said he, appropriates \$6,690,000,000 for missiles, "and this, it seems to me, is getting close to the point where money itself will not bring you any quicker development."

Attack & Retreat. Questioned specifically on General Power's testimony to the Senate Preparedness Subcommittee, Ike had uncommonly harsh words for generals who dispute him. "There are too many of these generals who have all sorts of ideas," said he testily. "I have been long enough in the military service that I cannot be particularly disturbed because everybody with a parochial^o viewpoint all over the place comes along and says the bosses know nothing about it."

The generals snapped quickly into line, toned down their talk of gaps and lags—at least in public. General Thomas White, the Air Force chief, called Tommy Power's zeal "unfortunate," then muted his own appeals for more funds. While he also favored an air-alert program and greater speed in building the B-70 supersonic bomber, White said that his own responsibilities were "relatively narrow" and that his requests had been refused by "my superiors" (i.e., Defense Secretary Thomas Gates and President Eisenhower).

^o Webster's definition: "Limited in range or scope; narrow." To Ike, an officer who cannot see beyond his own narrow military base or service is "parochial."

THE CAMPAIGN OF ISSUES

In 1960 Candidates Run Against Ideas

In 1960 issues are astir, and no dominant personality such as F.D.R. or Ike, no overriding emergency such as World War or Great Depression looms on the November horizon to overshadow them. A historian of U.S. presidential elections might well have to go back to 1912, with its clashing tides of opinion on tariffs and regulation of Big Business, to find a presidential contest in which issues were as significant as they promise to be in 1960. So far no hopeful in either party has nailed together a complete issue platform (the closest: New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller—TIME, Dec. 28). But most candidates have begun to sense that they may in the long run be measured by how they measure up to the issues. The major issues and positions thus far:

DEFENSE & PEACE

Already hotting up is a major debate over the adequacy of the Eisenhower Administration defense programs to cope with the dangers of the coming "missile gap" (TIME, Feb. 8). Nixon defends the Administration program with no sign of misgivings. Among the Democratic hopefuls, Texas' Lyndon Baines Johnson and Missouri's Stuart Symington have hammered hardest at the missile gap, but Massachusetts' John Fitzgerald Kennedy has been frankest in facing the prospect that more defense might cost more money. The nation must increase the "portion of our national resources" devoted to missile programs, he says. Symington, Harry Truman's onetime (1947-50) Air Force Secretary, claims that drastic reorganization of the defense structure could chop defense costs by \$10 billion—25% of the present defense budget.

As measured by pollsters, the missile

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gap's impact on public opinion has been faint so far—partly because of widespread public confidence that President Eisenhower knows plenty about defense, partly because the public tends to see national defense as part of the larger issue of "peace," which also takes in the aims and conduct of foreign policy. Public-opinion probes find that the public 1) puts "keeping the peace" far ahead of all other national issues, and 2) believes, by a margin of 7 to 5, that the Republican Party is able to keep the peace better than the Democratic Party. That 7-to-5 margin may be more than enough to cancel out any gains the Democrats can squeeze out of the missile gap. Shrewdly aware that "peace" rather than national defense is the No. 1 issue as the public sees it, Hubert Humphrey has been comparatively quiet about the missile gap, has stressed disarmament instead. "There is a real possibility of progress toward genuine disarmament," he keeps repeating.

The "missile gap" will loom bigger in November if Democrats can succeed in convincing the voters that the U.S. is also lagging in the space race, in rate of economic growth, and in scientific-technical education—and that all the lags together add up to a danger that the U.S. may slip to "second best" in the world. Such a composite "second-best" issue is already shaping up among pundits. But it is a sticky issue for a Democratic candidate to grab hold of, involving a risk that it might lose votes by seeming unpatriotic.

GROWTH & INFLATION

The underlying ideological difference between the Democratic and Republican parties emerges in the debate between 1) the Democratic claim that the Administration's stress on sound money has hindered the nation's economic growth, and 2) the Administration argument that sound money fosters economic growth by encouraging saving for investment. The Administration's "prosperity," argue the Democrats, is really stagnation: the economy has been growing at a rate of 2.3% since 1953 when it ought to have been growing at a rate of 4.5% (or 5% or 6%). Humphrey and Johnson have hit the "growth" issue hardest. "Tight money," cries Johnson in a scrambled metaphor, "can only mean a tight grip of stagnation about the windpipe of our future." Humphrey, playing on an old Populist dislike of bankers, claims that the Administration's tight-money policy, by pushing up interest rates, is "a benefit for the big banks."

Since it involves basic Government policies that affect the lives of all citizens, the "growth" controversy may be the most important domestic issue of the 1960

campaign. But so far it has had little impact on public opinion. As the public sees it, the No. 1 economic issue by far is the high cost of living. Paradoxically, the public feels, by a margin of 8 to 5 in a Gallup poll, that the Democratic Party, rather than the Republican, is more interested in trying to hold down prices. In public opinion, apparently, the long spell of price upreep beginning in 1956 cancels out the Administration's stress on the goal of sound money.

THE FARM MESS

Just about everybody in both parties—even the farmer himself—agrees that federal farm programs have become intolerably expensive (cost in fiscal 1959: \$7 billion). But none of the presidential hopefuls have as yet come out with a convincing agenda for cleaning up the mess. Humphrey has unveiled a four-point "charter of hope for agriculture," and Kennedy and Symington have outdone him with rival six-point programs, but all three programs are short on specifics. Johnson says that "American ingenuity should be equal to the task" of channeling surplus food to "those who need it," but his own ingenuity has produced only a slogan ("food bin of freedom"). Administration insiders say that Nixon, with the President's tacit blessing, is planning to speak out with a farm program of his own, departing from Agriculture Secretary Ezra Taft Benson's rigidities enough to sidestep the massive dislike that Benson has piled up among the farmers.

EDUCATION

Last spring the Gallup poll undertook to find out what, if anything, people thought the Federal Government should be spending more money on. Topping the list: education. The Gallup finding indicates that federal aid to education will be one of 1960's most important domestic issues. Johnson, Humphrey, Kennedy and Symington all favor more of it. Vice President Nixon's efforts to take hold of the education issue ("Inadequate classrooms, underpaid teachers and flabby standards are weaknesses we must constantly strive to eliminate") are hindered by the fact that President Eisenhower has drawn back from his first-term support for federal aid, now opposes direct grants for school construction.

Neither Nixon nor any of the Democratic hopefuls have yet grabbed at the real education issue: the troubles of U.S. education arise not from a shortage of federal funds but from a shortage of citizen responsibility—the failure of many parents and local leaders to see to it that their own communities build adequate schools and that the children in them are instructed according to standards of excellence. Federal grants might help to raise salaries and speed classroom construction in lagging areas of the U.S., but essentially the problem is one that far-away Washington is incapable of solving.

CIVIL RIGHTS

Federal protection of Negro rights may be a hotter issue before the Democratic Convention than after it. The image of Texan Lyndon Johnson as a Southerner is the biggest single roadblock between him and the nomination. If Johnson is not the Democratic nominee (and the odds as of now are against him), the civil rights issue may be pretty well neutralized. Nixon has spoken out forthrightly for civil rights progress, says that the goal is "equality of opportunity for all Americans." Humphrey, Kennedy and Symington all have unspotted voting records on civil rights. All three Senators (and Johnson too) back the Democratic plan for federal registrars to protect Negro voting rights in federal elections. But the Administration has seized the initiative with Attorney General William Rogers' plan for court-appointed referees to safeguard Negro voting rights in all elections, state and local as well as federal (TIME, Feb. 8). Whether the Democratic majorities in Congress accept the Rogers plan or reject it, it may win some Negro votes for the G.O.P. Dwight Eisenhower got an estimated 21% of the Negro vote in 1952, some 39% in 1956; unless the economy sags in the meantime, Nixon might do even better in 1960.

FEDERAL AID

Democrats will doubtless try to make an issue out of the Administration's reluctance—stronger in Ike's second term than in his first—to spend federal money for state and local projects such as public housing, urban renewal, programs to aid depressed areas. Sure to pass during the current session of Congress, as exhibits for Democrats to point to from the hustings, are housing and depressed area bills much bigger than the Administration wants. If Ike vetoes them, Democrats can point to the vetoes. The need for state and local public works is undeniable—the big-city slums, the inadequate airports, the battered depressed areas are all too visible—but it will be a misfortune for the nation if no presidential candidate in 1960 comes forth with a program for getting states and localities to do the best part of the job instead of calling upon Washington to do it all.

TAX REFORM

The Federal Government's power to cope with most domestic problems is severely limited. Washington cannot abolish Southern prejudices against Negroes or the tendency of local politicians to demand federal aid instead of upping local taxes. But there is one issue that the Federal Government is entirely competent to deal with: reform of the federal income-tax structure. The present structure, piled up piecemeal over the years, combines steeply rising tax rates that reach a confiscatory 91% with a maze of loopholes and deductions. A mil-



lionaire may pay a lower rate of income tax on his gross income than a salary earner who has to scrape to send his children to college. One taxpayer may carry a much heavier tax burden than a neighbor with the same gross income and the same number of dependents. Equity demands drastic tax reform that will both cut the rates and plug the loopholes. Counted so far on the side of tax reform: Nixon.

LABOR

The real problem—how to keep Big Labor from damaging the economy by pushing up wages faster than productivity goes up—is likely to be pretty much ignored in 1960; nobody wants to antagonize labor leaders already annoyed about last year's Landrum-Griffin labor-reform bill. To soothe labor's feelings, Democrats in Congress are planning to pass a bill upping the U.S. minimum wage from \$1 to \$1.25, or at least \$1.10. Democrat Humphrey openly calls the Landrum-Griffin Act "punitive." Republican Nixon openly calls it "very constructive."

RELIGION

Off by itself, unrelated to differences between the two parties, lurks the bristly issue of religion—meaning the religion of one particular Democratic hopeful, Roman Catholic John Kennedy. In a Gallup poll last year, one voter out of three in the South and one out of five in the rest of the U.S. said that he would not vote for a Catholic for President even if the nominee was "generally well qualified" (but only 47% of the voters polled knew that Jack Kennedy is a Catholic). Hence Kennedy's Democratic rivals may try to convince convention delegates that a Catholic cannot win; Kennedy in turn can make a case that Catholics might turn against the Democratic Party if he is refused the nomination after showing he can win in the primaries.



GENERAL TAYLOR

Wide differences and narrow views.

and he accepts the decisions and respects the men who made them. General Lyman Lemnitzer, the Army Chief of Staff, said he did not plan to contest a recent Budget Bureau decision to withhold \$137 million in Army funds for the Nike-Zeus anti-missile missile.

Counterattack. The fact that top generals were no longer willing to scrap publicly with Ike took some of the political wind out of Democrats who had helped to balloon the defense debate into a big issue. It left the field principally to handsome General Maxwell Taylor, recently retired Army Chief of Staff, who made the most of it.⁶ Testifying to a joint session of the Senate Space Committee and Preparedness Subcommittee, Taylor urged less reliance on long-range missiles, greater reliance on a balanced arsenal of weapons that could wage any kind of war. "The trend of military strength is against us," said Max Taylor. "Our manned-bomber force is a dwindling military asset. Our long-range missile force is limited in size, uncertain in reliability and immobile upon exposed bases. We have no anti-missile defense in being or in sight. There is no effective fallout protection for our civil population." He prescribed strong medicine: a boost in defense spending from \$41 billion to \$50 or even \$55 billion a year. "To change the trend," said Taylor, "will require more men, money and sacrifice."

The Administration has yet to make a strong case to the contrary, and Ike's testy snapping was a poor substitute. At week's end even-tempered Chief of Naval Operations Admiral Arleigh Burke labored over a detailed declaration—due this week—that the U.S. is not now and never will be a second-rate power.

Second Stage

More important than the rumbling of the defense debate last week was the roar of a 110-ton Titan intercontinental ballistic missile lifting cleanly into space with 300,000 pounds of thrust. After nine months of frustrating failure at its Cape Canaveral pads (which crews had dubbed "the inferiority complex"), Titan No. B7A got off to its first two-stage flight. Two minutes and 50 miles down-range, its second stage kicked in with 80,000 pounds of thrust, a roar heard round the world because Titan's 41-foot, 22-ton second stage is the largest vehicle known to have been separated and fired on the edge of space.⁷ It plunked into the Atlantic 2,000 miles down-range, might have stretched three times that far had it not been weighed down with so much testing gear. The milestone shot cheered Titan's hard-pressed assembler, Martin Co. (TIME, Jan. 4), and Pentagon missilemen, who have bet heavily (\$850 million in the fiscal 1961 budget alone) that highly touted Titan will go on the line next year as a more powerful and flexible ICBM than the 14-stage (single engine plus boosters) Atlas.

Their jubilation was short-lived. Three days later another Titan flashed skyward for 55 seconds, then exploded in a ball of smoke and flame. But even in this red glare Titan scientists and engineers could not be too gloomy; they were hard at work analyzing flawless, detailed teletyped reports of the unprecedented first shot.

Also in the space and missile picture last week:

① The Navy's solid-fuel Polaris missile, slated for submarine duty late this year, scored its fifth straight success in a prototype surface firing from Cape Canaveral, soared 900 miles down-range into the Atlantic.

② Two hours later, an intermediate-range Army Jupiter missile was guided 1,500 miles down-range on its final shakedown flight. The Jupiter is now rated operational—four months ahead of schedule—and will soon go on NATO duty in Italy and Turkey. The record of reliable Jupiter in 29 shots: 22 successes, five partial successes, two flops.

③ An Air Force Discoverer satellite failed to orbit (because malfunctioning ground gear cut off its in-flight power 15 seconds too soon). Discoverer's record in nine tries: six orbits, three misses (all due to ground equipment lapses).

④ The Saturn cluster engine, with an awesome 1,500,000 pounds of thrust, was earmarked for another \$90 million in 1961 budget cash, lifting it to a fat \$230 million for the year. The Saturn will shake through its first ground tests at Huntsville, Ala. in April, when Rocketeer Werner von Braun will switch on two of its engines; later tests will step up to all

eight engines. Said one Army spaceman: "That will really rock the whole state of Alabama."

The Pentagon itself was impressed by some sobering reports on the second Soviet missile firing in mid-Pacific. Last week's long-range shot into an area 1,000 miles southwest of Honolulu was seen and monitored by a U.S. Navy plane crew, proved that the Russian ICBM is indeed very sophisticated. As the missile bore in at a re-entry angle of 18° (which indicated that the Soviets fired at maximum range), a capsulelike object was detached from the nose cone and dipped into the ocean. Both hit near the middle of a triangle of three Soviet ships, each three to five miles apart. Red sailors fished out the instrument-crammed capsule, turned tail for Soviet ports.

Blast-Off

One of President Eisenhower's privately voiced suspicions is that overzealous missilemakers help fan congressional and public demands for larger missile programs. Last week an overzealous missilemaker seemed to prove the President right—and in so doing, did no good to the cause of U.S. defense that he has capably served.

The missilemaker was handsome, tough-talking Thomas Lanphier Jr., 44, wartime fighter pilot and Navy Cross winner (for gunning down the plane carrying Japan's naval commander, Admiral Isoroku Yamamoto), who is a vice president of General Dynamics' Atlas-making Convair division. To an audience of 40 junketeering newsmen and Air Force brass, Lanphier in one evening 1) gave a hard sell for the Atlas, whose capabilities even the President has highly praised; 2) pushed an obvious soft pedal for the Martin Co.'s competing Titan; 3) upbraided the press for not paying more heed to the U.S. defense crisis; and 4) attacked the President



MISSILEMAN LANPHER
Hard sell and soft pedal.

⁶ And who two days later was hit by a Washington taxi, landed in Walter Reed hospital with a broken left arm and badly cut nose.

⁷ When it shucks off its fuel-heavy first stage, a multistage missile loses a lot of drag, thus can fly farther and more efficiently than a one-stage missile.

for gambling with the nation's survival.

Emphasizing that he was wearing his private citizen's hat, Lanphier sandwiched in his remarks while acting as master of ceremonies at a squash and wild rice dinner hosted by Convair at San Diego's Kona Kai Club. He was "glad," he noted, that a Titan had finally fired successfully, but the Atlas "could fly as far, hit as accurately and carry as much weight as the Titan. The only difference is that the Atlas is 13 years ahead and is doing it now." Backing up the Strategic Air Command's plea for an airborne SAC alert, he said: "Any person without bias—that is, not trying to sell missiles or balance the budget—has got to assume that the President is taking a dangerous, dangerous gamble with our national survival. I don't think he has the right."

So often and bluntly have California missilemakers blasted off that veteran West Coast newsmen were barely impressed by Lanphier's hand grenades. But reporters visiting from the East were plainly shocked and sat down at their typewriters to say as much. Said a White House spokesman of Lanphier's performance: "It sounded incredible."

Allies & A-Bombs

The further the U.S. goes in furnishing intermediate-range ballistic missiles to NATO allies, the more it begins to trip over the letter of U.S. law governing custody of atomic weapons. Strictly interpreted, the Atomic Energy Act of 1946 requires that U.S. forces keep possession of atomic bombs and warheads on foreign soil. Because it takes hours to install an atomic warhead on an IRBM, this requirement cuts down the ability of a NATO IRBM force to retaliate instantly.

One way to solve the problem is to amend the act so as to give greater warhead control to such IRBM-minded allies as Britain, Turkey and Italy. But rather than stir up a debate over "giving away A-bombs" to other powers in an election year, the Administration's atomic councilors decided that the terms of "custody" could be legally stretched to cover installation in ready IRBMs—as long as the U.S. held an electronic key that prevented firing. President Eisenhower apparently didn't get the word. Answering a question on A-bomb custody at his press conference last week, Ike plumped for making "our law more liberal . . . We should not deny to our allies . . . what your potential enemy already has."

Members of the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy, who had just been assured that the Administration had no intention of trying to change the law this session, boiled up and over. The White House first issued one "clarification," saying that the President would propose a change, then issued another, saying that the matter was under "continuing review" but no present change was contemplated. All of which left the problem just where it was before: if Western forces are to get full benefit out of IRBM power, the U.S. must find a way to keep allied missiles legal, cocked and ready.

POLITICS

Operation Kennedy

Massachusetts' John Fitzgerald Kennedy last week added three more primary campaigns to his lengthy line of stepping stones toward the Democratic presidential nomination. In Annapolis he committed himself to Maryland's primary (May 17, 24 delegate votes) and got the reluctant backing of Maryland's Governor Millard Tawes, who had really wanted to run as a favorite son himself. In Charleston he took up a challenge thrown by Minnesota's Hubert Humphrey to fight it out in West Virginia (May 10, 25 delegate votes). In Gary he dealt himself into the

Raskin, 50, a shrewd Midwestern political strategist who was a prime mover in Adlai Stevenson's unsuccessful campaigns. From time to time old Joe Kennedy looked in to watch his son with unmitigated pride.

Without a note or chart or map, Kennedy stood with his back to a roaring fire and proceeded to analyze the U.S. political situation from top to bottom, from Kennepunktop to Ketchikan. His facts were encyclopedic: he knew the people, the problems—and had ideas about what he hoped to do.

The Influentials. Since September 1956, Kennedy and Sorenson had traveled, separately and together, more than a million air miles—studying Democrats,



KENNEDY AIDES SALINGER, KIZER & O'BRIEN CONFER IN GARY
Men, money, brains—and knowledge of peculiarities.

Indiana primary (May 3, 34 delegate votes, bound on the first ballot only), then set out on a highly successful round of handshaking, speechmaking and back-room planning.

Obviously, such activity is not done without planning and organization, and Jack Kennedy has the smoothest-running, widest-ranging, most efficient personal organization in the Democratic Party today. It has men, money and brains; his opponents claim it is the most savvy and hard-nosed group put together in U.S. politics since Tom Dewey and Herb Brownell swept Taft out of the G.O.P. race in '48.

Hyannis Port Meeting. Operation Kennedy came into focus on a blustery day last November when Jack met with his top lieutenants in his family's summer home in Hyannis Port, Mass. Present were Ted Sorenson, 31, son of a onetime Republican attorney general of Nebraska, Kennedy's chief policy adviser; Springfield politician Larry O'Brien, 42, Senate Investigator Kenneth O'Donnell, 35, and Bob Wallace, 38, and Brothers Bob Kennedy, 34, and Ted, 27, his seasoned forward observers; Lou Harris, 38, a specialist in conducting political polls; and Hy

districts, election laws, local peculiarities. Sorenson gradually accumulated a card index—now punched into Addressograph plates for speedy action—of the names of 29,000 influential Democrats. This list is considered to be the most complete ever compiled.

Last spring, when Kennedy became an open candidate, he and Sorenson began to select the best advocates in each state, and the advance men—O'Brien, O'Donnell, Wallace, and Bob and Ted Kennedy—took to the road to recruit the local organizations. Based in Chicago, Raskin carried the Kennedy argument from Ohio to Oregon. At the time of the Hyannis Port meeting, there was a trusted lieutenant in every state, and the beginnings of a full-fledged organization in all of the key primary states—Wisconsin, Oregon, West Virginia, Nebraska, Indiana and New Hampshire.

Supermarket Handouts. In Washington, Kennedy rented a suite of offices in the Esso Building at the foot of Capitol Hill, with his brother-in-law, Stephen Smith, as chief administrator. The Washington GHQ soon expanded to nine rooms, now houses top Publicity Agent Pierre

Salinger, the squadron of advance men, eight secretaries and switchboard operators (who answer the phone with the words Kennedy for President). Salinger has stockpiled a massive supply of Kennedy photographs, releases, film clips, bumper strips, lapel buttons and other campaign paraphernalia. One of the major products of the Esso Building GHQ: a 14-page master plan for "Kennedy for President State Organizational Procedure," which is as detailed as an Army training manual. It covers everything from the selection of local veterans' chairmen to techniques for giving away car stickers in supermarket parking lots.

The youthful, aggressive, fast-moving leaders of Operation Kennedy have no official titles, and the rules of the campaign are always subject to local modifications. ("We can't tell them what to do," said O'Donnell in Wisconsin last week. "We can only suggest.") Major decisions are invariably made by the candidate himself.

Protestant Drums. The preparations for last week's Indiana announcement proved Operation Kennedy in high gear. Last year Jack Kennedy made two trips to Indiana, talked with scores of local politicians, finally decided to name two co-chairmen of his state organization: State Senator Marshall Kizer of Plymouth and Southern Indiana Boss Albert Deluse of Indianapolis. As soon as the two were signed up, Operation Kennedy got to work. At a meeting in Indianapolis' Claypool Hotel last January, Kizer and Deluse met with 40 pro-Kennedy politicians, selected leaders for the state's eleven congressional districts, and outlined a campaign to fit local conditions. Items: only one Catholic was selected as a district chairman, because "it just looks better to have a Protestant beating the drums for Kennedy"; the usual farm or labor groups were not set up because "we know from experience in this state that we never have any effective work from such groups."

Until Kennedy formally announced his candidacy, the state organization was underground. Kizer and Deluse selected a public relations man, staked out an Indianapolis hotel room for a headquarters, looked over the possibilities for county chairmen. There was daily telephone liaison with Washington; Troublesooter O'Brien made eight trips to Indiana in one month. When Kennedy finally announced, Deluse immediately rented the hotel room, requisitioned 3,000 bumper stickers, 10,000 campaign buttons, and a mountain of literature from Washington. District meetings were called, volunteer workers signed up. By last week things were moving.

Operation Kennedy takes big money—such as only Millionaire Jack Kennedy can afford. But it takes talent as well. The biggest mistake that Kennedy's rivals could make would be to judge the Kennedy campaign by the smiles, speeches and pretty pictures, and misjudge the strength and power of the organization that grimly aims to turn each smile and speech into hard votes.

DEMOCRATS

The Second-Best Suite

Democrats descended on Albuquerque's glittering Western Skies Hotel last week like sparrows on a cherry orchard. They filled its 250 rooms with politics and smoke, looked over three of the party's four leading presidential hopefuls, and went home with very little accomplished. The occasion: a regional meeting of the Democrats of 13 Western states.

Texas Lyndon Johnson, an early arrival, announced coyly that he was not a candidate, then flew off to Indianapolis



Associated Press
JOHNSON & FRIENDS
Way, way out west.

to announce, obliquely, that he was. A concerted effort was made to add Texas and Oklahoma to the Western bloc (271 delegate votes), and thus convert Johnson into a certified Westerner. It failed. (If some eager expansionists had their way, the West would begin somewhere around Ausable Chasm, N.Y.)

The hotel's management had an anguishing problem of protocol. Johnson, the first incipient President to arrive, was lodged, as was his right, in the best suite, and Hubert Humphrey had to make do with the second-best suite. As soon as Johnson departed, Hubert was moved into the best suite. The advance team for Jack Kennedy was offered the second-best suite for their man, but the offer was declined. Jack preferred to be on the ground floor. The relieved room clerk assigned him to Room 103 and moved Missouri Representative Charlie Brown, the lonesome representative of absent Stuart Symington, into the second-best suite. A good time was had by all.

At right: New Mexico's Senator Clinton Anderson.

CRIME

The Doctor's Dilemma

The defense calls Dr. Finch.

R. (for Raymond) Bernard Finch, M.D., 42, rose from his seat in the jammed Los Angeles Superior Court room and made his way to the stand. His strong surgeon's hands were steady, his greying, close-cropped hair neatly brushed, his handsome face marked with confidence and a seeming eagerness to tell his story. With that eager telling last week began the climax of a remarkable murder trial, concerning, as most do, lust and money, but also involving such elements as wife swapping and credit ratings, such characters as a self-styled lady killer, a brash mistress and a hysterical maid, such props as a "do-it-yourself murder kit" and a gift Cadillac—and centering around Finch's wife Barbara, found dead last summer with a bullet in her back and three skull fractures. On trial with Finch for her murder was his mistress, Carole Tegloff, 23.

As prosecution and defense forces spun their separate versions of the murder, there grew the specter of not one but two Bernie Finches, and the key to the trial lay on the question of which was the real Finch.

First Finch. The prosecution's Finch, as depicted in the case built by Deputy District Attorney Fred Whichello, was an immoral, sinister schemer. Though the doctor was enormously successful (part ownership of a thriving clinic, income of about \$200,000 a year, a \$50,000 home in the fancy Los Angeles suburb of West Covina, a 22-ft. speedboat, three cars), his marriage to Barbara was a dismal failure. It was a second marriage for both; they had met when she was his secretary and then had swapped spouses (he had three children by his first wife). The marriage was about six years old when he got involved in a hot affair with his medical secretary, Carole, who was also married. He had threatened Barbara, the 19-year-old Swedish maid testified, and once even beat her up. "Mrs. Finch told me everything," wrote Housemaid Marie Ann Lidholm to her mother in Sweden, according to a letter introduced in evidence. "He had hit her . . . tried to get her out in the car, which he threatened to drive over the ridge . . . He also told her that if she didn't take everything back about the divorce, he had a man in Las Vegas whom he would pay thousands of dollars to kill her."

When Barbara withdrew money from their joint account and put it into her own, said Whichello, Finch forged a \$3,000 check. And finally, to prevent Barbara's attempt to get the divorce, which could possibly have netted her all of their \$750,000 estate under California's community property laws, Carole and Finch hired a self-styled ladies' man from Las Vegas named John Patrick Cody, who was to get \$1,400 for murdering Barbara.

As Cody glibly told the story from the stand, Finch said: "Before you kill her, tell her the bullet came from Bernie."

But, said Cody, he had had no intention of killing Barbara Finch. When Cody failed to act, the prosecution contended, Finch and Carole decided to do the job themselves. They assembled the "murder kit" in an attaché case: rope, carving knife, drugs, surgical gloves, .38-cal. shells, hypodermic syringes and needles. The plan, declared Prosecutor Whicello: ambush Barbara, knock her out with Secenal, inject a fatal air bubble into her bloodstream, and then put her behind the wheel of her car and push it off the cliff. Late one night last July, testified the housemaid, she heard screams near the Finch garage. She rushed out, saw Barbara lying on the garage floor. "Then Dr. Finch came rushing up to me. He grabbed my head and pushed it against the wall several times, as hard as he could." At gunpoint, Marie Lidholm was forced into the back seat of Barbara Finch's car; the doctor eased his wife into the front. Before Finch could start the car, Barbara leaped out, and Finch ran after her. Marie hurried into the house to telephone the police, and as she ran, she heard a shot. Barbara Finch was dead. The murder weapon, a .38-cal. revolver, was never found. Finch and Carole were discovered next day in Carole's Las Vegas apartment.

Second Finch. That was the prosecution's picture of Bernie Finch. The other, carefully characterized by the doctor himself with the help of brilliant Criminal Lawyer Grant Cooper, was a frustrated loving husband. He happily shared a king-sized 7 ft. by 7 ft. double bed with his wife, he said, until he was driven into the arms of another woman by his wife's frigidity after the birth of their son in 1953. He testified volubly about his love affair



Robert J. Smith—Black Star
EX-MODEL CAROLE TREGGIER
To the bougainvillaea.

with Carole, a onetime photographer's model, and the trysting apartments he rented under an assumed name. He lied to his wife about his affair to spare her pride, he said. But he and Barbara had their own "armistice agreement," permitting them to date on the side. To protect his credit rating while he was dickering on the "deal" to build his hospital, they decided to postpone a divorce and to present a public façade of married bliss. To seal the bargain, he gave her a new Cadillac. In September, Carole left her husband, a musclem named Jimmy Pappa, who proceeded to give Barbara Finch an earful about Bernie's other life. Barbara then decided to start divorce proceedings herself. As a counterattack, Finch explained, he hired an "unscrupulous gigolo." John Cody was engaged, he said, to "get something" on Barbara "if he had to sleep with her himself."

When Finch suspected that Cody was bilking him, he and Carole decided to face Barbara and talk about the divorce. They had with them the "kit," but it was really an emergency pack, testified Finch, that he carried for emergency calls; the carving knife was a gift for Carole's apartment, and the rope was just a line for his new boat. When Barbara got out of her car in the garage and saw Finch and Carole waiting for her, she grabbed Finch's gun, which was in her car. Carole ran off in fright and hid in a nearby clump of bougainvillaea while Finch wrestled with his 110-lb. wife. She kneed him in the groin, stomped on his toes, bit him on the arm. She began crying for help, so he slugged her with the gun. ("I couldn't get her to cooperate with me.") When the aroused housemaid came running, he banged her head against the wall ("Everything was bang, bang, bang") because he thought she might have a gun. He "helped" Barbara into the car, began to search for the keys. She recovered consciousness, slid out of the other side, grabbed the gun and began running away. Descending from his witness chair to demonstrate to the bug-

eyed courtroom, Finch showed how he caught his wife, knocked the gun from her hand. As she turned, Finch said he picked up the gun to throw it away: "I didn't want either one of us to get shot." As he raised it, "it went off."

Q. What happened to the gun?

A. I don't know what happened to the gun after it went off. . . . I went over to the edge of the hill [to look for Carole]. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Barbara . . . running down the steps.

"I'm Sorry . . ." Then, testified Finch, he saw her fall. "I went over and knelt down by her and said, 'What happened, Barb . . . ?' She said: 'Shot in chest.' I was amazed." Finch started off to call an ambulance, but Barbara called, "Wait."

"I came back and knelt down by her head. She moved her arm . . . I took her hand and she sort of opened her mouth, and then she spoke, and her voice was very, very soft. She said: 'I'm sorry . . . I should have listened . . . Don't leave me . . . Take—care—of—the—kids.' She was dead, I said, 'Barb! Barb!' She couldn't answer me." In his distress, says Finch, he stole a car, abandoned it, stole another and drove through the night to Las Vegas.

In the courtroom, as Bernie Finch concluded his testimony, Carole Treggier wept. A woman juror removed her glasses and sniffled into her hanky, and a spectator released an anguished sob. There were two Bernie Finches all right: the prosecution's was a calculating, cold-hearted wife murderer; the defense's, a genial, fate-tricked playboy who only wanted to protect himself against his wife's divorce proceedings. But in reality there was only one Bernie Finch, and the jury of six men and six women would have to decide who he was.



THE LATE MRS. FINCH
Help! Help!



FINCH & ATTORNEY COOPER
Barb! Barb!



AERIAL VIEW OF DOWNTOWN PHOENIX

ARIZONA: THRIVING OASIS

Energy Fills the Open Spaces

The region is altogether valueless. After entering it, there is nothing to do but leave.

—Report to Congress, 1853

HEADING eastward over the Arizona desert, high-flying transport pilots can pick up the urban glow of Phoenix from 70 miles out, as the city lies like a blue-white solitaire upon limitless black velvet. Though Phoenix expanded its limits from 17.1 square miles in 1950 to its present 110-square-mile area to make room for a tripled population (373,000), it remains no more than a brightly lit patch upon a landscape characterized by vastness.

Today Phoenix is leading Arizona into a boom which, if measured by statistics, skyline and traffic, seems much like the growth pattern that created such major cities as Detroit and sprawling Los Angeles. In fact the boom takes on a difference in quality and character from the backdrop of open land, air and sky that once made up the wildest Old West.

Guns & Water. From the Grand Canyon in the north, where the Colorado River cuts the most spectacular incision anywhere in earth's surface, the Arizona landscape sweeps eastward to the gaudy Painted Desert, takes in the stone trees of Petrified Forest, the cinder mountains piled up by a geological era of active volcanoes. Southward lie the butte-strewn sands where Apache Chief Geronimo waged the last Indian Wars upon whites, the rich, old copper mines producing one-half of U.S. needs, such legendary towns as Tombstone, where Gunslingers Wyatt Earp & Co. built the legends that feed to-

day's TV. Along the Mexican border, the rambling ranches still raise cattle, which for the first time in 1953 outnumbered the state's people population.

As Phoenix and Tucson (pop. 182,500) reach out into the open spaces with acres of factories, airports, suburbs, housing developments and tourist havens, the open spaces give back an atmosphere that makes this a boom with a difference. Uniquely, the movers and shakers share a sense of self-sufficiency (though they live at the mercy of transcontinental railroads and highways), of well-being (though summer temperatures rise to 120° in the shade), of boundless confidence that if the desert can be turned into a thriving oasis nothing in the world is impossible (though they are still pressed by the desert's ancient problem: water).

Cool Monument. It was mastery of the water problem that first made Arizona a place to live instead of a place to leave. In 1867 an Indian fighter named Jack Swilling began to investigate the ruins of some ancient canals (believed to have been built in the 10th century by the Hohokam people). Swilling decided to set up an irrigation company, succeeded in starting a new town. One literate resident proposed that they call their town Phoenix because, he said, they would raise there a new civilization upon the ruins of the old. The new civilization did not win a real chance of success until after President Theodore Roosevelt pushed through his Reclamation Act of 1902. His first major project: Roosevelt Dam, northeast of Phoenix, which backed up enough water to support a citrus and

truck-garden industry in Phoenix' sun-drenched Salt River Valley.

Phoenix cherishes another unique monument to desert progress: the downtown Fox Theater, in 1931 the first building in town to install an air-conditioning system. As mechanical air conditioners became cheaper, they eventually became a necessity for every business, standard equipment in homes. This simple piece of technology, now installed in automobiles, made the desert endurable year round, made the vast reaches of Arizona a promising center for easy living.

Rich & Many. Hungry men tend to start most migrations, but the new westward stream, especially to the resort area just east of Phoenix, was started in the '30s by rich men. Among them: Cleveland Inventor John C. Lincoln, who built the now-famous Camelback Inn on the lower slopes of Camelback Mountain; Chicago Chewing Gum Magnate William Wrigley, who founded the fabulous Arizona Biltmore and started a golf course colony nearby; International Harvester Heir Fowler McCormick, who went a little farther east into Paradise Valley to start what is now the richest winter residential area in the state.

It took World War II, with its influx of dispersed war plants and military bases, to give thousands of non-millionaires an incurable taste for desert living. By some estimates, half of the Army Air Corps pilots trained at Williams and Luke airbases worked their way back to the Phoenix area after the war. Companies, too, returned. Goodyear Aircraft Corp., which modified patrol bombers there during the war, migrated back to produce missile components. Hughes Aircraft Co. set up Falcon missile production at Tucson. Word of the easy life spread through family and community grapevines. Chicago's Paul V. Galvin, then president of Motorola Inc., capably realized that Phoenix would be a good place for luring the scientists and engineers needed to pioneer the electronic age's transistor production, founded an industry that is still doubling and redoubling production and employment.

Today, 16 major firms, engaged mainly in electronics, have built plants in the Phoenix area; the state's total manufacturing income rose 12% last year to \$550 million. Attracting still more industry is a basic fact of the labor market: the cheaper, easier living lures some 2,500 migrants into Phoenix each month, keeps pay scales 10% to 25% below the average of older industrial areas.

Boom & Build. The tourist trade grew faster than factories. At least 6,000,000 people now tour Arizona each year, inspire gaudier and gaudier strips of motels and roadside restaurants on roads leading out of Tucson and Phoenix. The unchallenged center of tourist trade has risen just across the irrigation ditch from the Paradise Valley area, where the early-bird millionaires first set the style for desert life and leisure. Its name: Scottsdale, which as recently as 1949 was a sleepy farm town of 1,700. It has now become the shopping center for a population of



ARIZONA WINTER OASIS, called Hacienda del Sol, on northern outskirts of Tucson, provides mid-February refuge from cold blasts sweeping most of U.S. Ranch accommodates

50 at rates of \$16.50 per day upward, provides spectacular pool-side view over saguaro-spiked desert to Santa Catalina Mountains. Hopi Indians are selling rugs, boots, and kachina dolls.



CIRCULAR HOUSE in Phoenix was designed by Frank Lloyd Wright for his son David. Living quarters on

second floor are approached by ramp, provide sweeping vista over citrus groves to Papago Buttes in distance.

COLORFUL EATING PLACE in Phoenix is Green Gables Restaurant, built twelve years ago at cost of

\$400,000. Tourists like being welcomed by armored Sir Galahad, Robin Hood's men stand by to park cars.





PHOENIX GREYHOUND PARK has proved big drawing card, particularly for men who throng to glass-enclosed grandstand and restaurant. During 126-night racing season last year,

average dog fancier wagered \$37 a night; this track alone rang up more than \$15,500,000 in pari-mutuels. In foreground floodlighted handlers are leading greyhounds to starting gate.

POOLSIDE CONFERENCE of businessmen from Motorola, Inc., one of Phoenix' light industries, is held at Mountain Shadows Resort. In distance is head of Camelback Mountain.





CAMELBACK INN, built in 1916 and still one of Phoenix' best resort hotels, houses guests in *casas* (rear) reached by paths bordered with orange trees, palms, and native cacti.

SCOTTSDALE, booming resort city twelve miles east of Phoenix, crowds swimming pools and apartment houses on desert land worth \$20,000 an acre.







CACTUS FOREST at Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum fifteen miles west of Tucson is favorite stop for tourists, who can see wide range of desert animals from tiny elf owl to caged

jaguars. Museum boasts 70 varieties of cacti, including giant, 200-year-old saguaro (right), small, round barrel cactus, and tangle of cholla (jumping) cactus bordering path in foreground.

about 50,000. Desperately hanging on to its best tourist lure, Scottsdale bills itself as "The West's Most Western Town," last week held its annual Parada del Sol rodeo. But money has turned Scottsdale into a form of effete West, a place of fabulously expensive watering spots (suites up to \$120 a day) and chichi stores such as a unique perfume shop, which compares a unique aroma for each lady customer.

The influx of money and people put new strains on Arizona's business and political leadership. First to rise to the challenge were the bankers. In the late '40s, Walter Bimson, then president of Valley National Bank, bet more heavily than any other man upon the state's future, extended credit to a handful of ex-carpenters who proposed to build new homes, motels and office buildings for the new Phoenix. One result: Valley National, which had only 15,000 depositors and \$8,000,000 in deposits when Bimson took over in 1933, today has 350,000 depositors (total population: 1.3 million) and \$567 million in deposits.

Another result of the openhanded type of leadership was a new crop of young millionaires. Samples:

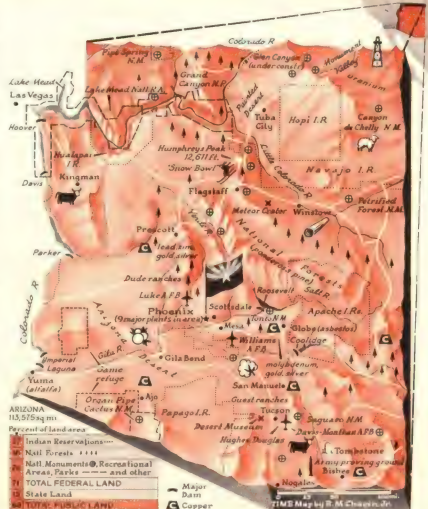
David Murdock, 36, ex-riveter who arrived from Michigan in a house trailer in 1947, has since built \$30 million worth of commercial buildings.

John Long, 39, who teamed with Wife Mary to build their first home in 1947, developed methods of year-round construction and prefabrication into the best housing buy (say U.S. building experts) in the U.S. Example: a three-bedroom house with swimming pool for \$11,600. Long's Maryvale development in northwest Phoenix now holds 11,000 new homes, a bigger population than Yuma, plus a shopping "city," will soon include a hospital and golf course.

Lee Ackerman, 39, Missouri-born expat, who got a cub reporter's job on the Arizona Republic in 1946, started an advertising agency, then an investment company to take advantage of the fantastic boom in land values across the state, now also owns a savings and loan association. Democrat Ackerman intends to run for Governor this year.

The new Arizonaans set a dizzy pace in Phoenix's business life. At a cocktail party 14 months ago, Builder Murdock told friends about the 20-story office building he wanted to put up, said idly, "I wish I had a hank in my building." The idea struck some listener's fancy, started serious talk, and 30 minutes later the cocktail-party group had pledged \$600,000 toward the new bank. Today, the handsome, blue porcelain Guaranty Bank building is just about complete, and the new bank, actually capitalized at an unusually high \$2,750,000, will open with the building next month.

Votes & Hopes. The yeasty growth penetrated Arizona politics, once 3 to 1 registered Democratic (because Arizona's first settlers mostly came from the South), U.S. Senator Carl Hayden, 82, has been in Congress since Arizona became a state in 1912. Tucson's Stewart Udall, 40, an



able liberal Democrat, who benefits from a well-respected political name, preserves his party's label in the part-Mormon Second Congressional District, which encompasses all the state outside Phoenix. But the Democratic grip began to slip in Phoenix in 1949.

Ideological leader of the new Republican group was popular Department Store Owner Barry Goldwater, a 40-year-old in 1949 when he led a Good Government reform slate to take over a rickety Phoenix city government. Three years later he upset Senate Majority Leader Ernest McFarland in a Senate race, beat him again in 1958. Kansas-born John Rhodes, who learned about Phoenix as a World War II pilot, became in 1952 the first Republican to win an Arizona seat in the U.S. House of Representatives. By 1958, Republican Paul Fannin, backed by such businesslike young Republicans as Dave Murdock, took over the governorship.

The hard-driving young leaders have rushed Phoenix and Arizona into a glittering new era, but they well know that they have not licked all its serious problems. For one thing, the sense of unlim-

ited expansion space is deceptive: the U.S. and the state government own an amazing 86% of it. In the limited area left, fast and loose land speculators have driven up prices; some desolate North Arizona areas shot up from \$150 to \$1,000 in the last year.

Such prices might make sense if the state had water enough to turn its acres of desert into residential lots of sunshine. But the Phoenix area alone is already using more water than its reservoirs collect, has to "mine" 1,300,000 acre feet of water annually out of its lowered underground water table. Though the new residential areas use only one-third as much water as the crops they replace, the further spread of homes into the desert will leave a water problem that can be solved only by wresting more of the Colorado River away from California (which also has a water problem) or by man's long-term dream of making fresh water out of the sea.

Making no little plans, Phoenix' movers and shakers count on atomic energy to provide some day the vast power needed to bring salty Pacific seawater fresh into the desert.

FOREIGN NEWS

FRANCE

All Power to De Gaulle

From the speaker's tribune in Paris' cavernous Luxembourg Palace one morning last week, France's Premier Michel Debré, a short, subdued man in a dark suit, unhappily told the French Senate: "Last week we almost witnessed the collapse of the state." Then he formally requested near-dictatorial powers for his boss, Charles de Gaulle. Shaken by his subordinates' fumbling vacillation in the face of the Algiers uprising, De Gaulle had bitterly concluded that if France was to have effective government he must provide it personally.

Aware that they had no real alternative, both the Assembly (441-75) and the Senate (236-39) quickly voted De Gaulle the powers he wanted. For the next year, De Gaulle will have the right to issue decrees with the force of law in the fields of: 1) "maintenance of law and order"; 2) "the security of the state"; 3) "the pacification and administration of Algeria." Only after the emergency powers expire next February will Parliament get a chance to ratify or reject De Gaulle's decrees.

But obedient as it was, Parliament had misgivings. With undisguised suspicion of Debré, the Assembly wrote in a proviso that all decrees must be signed by De Gaulle personally. Deputy Paul Coste-Floret clearly spoke for his fellows when he said: "Many of us would have legal qualms about doing this if General de Gaulle were not the head of state." Their only assurance that De Gaulle would not abuse his power lay in his own restraint. It was an ominous turning for the Fifth Republic—which had ceased, in all but name, to be a republic. France was again following its oscillating

journey from too much diffused power in an ineffectual Assembly to too much power in one man's hands.

The Loose-Breaker. As his first major act of personal rule, De Gaulle summoned Minister of the Sahara Jacques Soustelle, 48, a Gaullist since the 1940 fall of France. Abruptly, with no attempt to soften the blow, De Gaulle told Soustelle that he was fired—"because your personal stand on Algerian questions is too different from my own." Bitterly, Soustelle replied: "You might have waited until June 18, 1960. That would have finished off a 20-year lease on my life."

Along with Soustelle, De Gaulle sacked Communications Minister Bernard Cornu-Gentille, 50, also for "softness" toward the insurgents. Four other Cabinet ministers were reassigned, including Defense Minister Pierre Guillaumat, who was kicked upstairs to the job of Minister Delegate in charge of atomic energy. To replace Guillaumat, De Gaulle called from active duty with the paratroops in Algeria Reserve Lieut. Colonel Pierre Messmer, 43, a career colonial administrator. There was not a man left in the Cabinet with any political strength independent of De Gaulle's.

Erin Once More. As well as anyone else, De Gaulle knew that his Fifth Republic will be finally judged by whether it can end the five-year-old Algerian revolt, which divides and embitters French politics. He ordered a sweeping roundup of right-wing extremists in both Algiers and Metropolitan France. In France itself three key men were jailed: Insurgent Leader Pierre Lagailarde (see below), and two right-wing M.P.s who had flown off to Algeria and were arrested on their return: fiery Fascist Lawyer Jean-Baptiste Biazezi, and a tame Moslem, Mourad Kaouah, onetime Algerian soccer star.

De Gaulle now seemed to be moving toward dividing Algeria into new political units organized around the country's chief ethnic and religious groups: the Arabs, Berbers, Europeans, Jews and Mozabites (an austere Moslem desert sect). Instead of countryside self-determination, in which the Arabs would clearly prevail, De Gaulle would be seeking some form of federation of semiautonomous communities—a kind of Gallic version of Britain's 1921 partition of Ireland.

In the end, any settlement in Algeria depended on the rebel F.L.N., which had hitherto questioned De Gaulle's determination to curb the French army and Algeria's European settlers. Now that he had done so, would the F.L.N. seize the moment to enter negotiations accepting self-determination for Algeria? Unfortunately, the F.L.N.'s political imagination seems no equal to its guerrilla audacity. The F.L.N. apparently regarded the settlers' insurrection as a hopeful indication that another settlers' flare-up might cause the total collapse of French rule in Algeria.

ALGERIA

No More Paving Blocks

As the 780 grim-faced insurgents emerged from behind their barricades to surrender to troops of the French Foreign Legion, an easy fate awaited all but one of them: The exception, bearded Insurgent Leader Pierre Lagailarde, smiling faintly, watched the others climb slowly into waiting army trucks. Ahead of Lagailarde himself, at Charles de Gaulle's insistence, lay an airplane flight to Paris, prison, and charges of attacking the security of the French Republic.

It was the help from the French army that had kept the revolt alive. "For the first three days," said one of Lagailarde's lieutenants last week, "officers and men from the paras came inside the barricades and drank beer with us. Some of them even gave us their spare submachine gun magazines and cases of grenades. They put army ambulances at our disposal, and with these we toured the town, filling them up with arms and ammunition."

Changing the Guard. What turned the tide, it became clearer last week, was not only De Gaulle's unyielding television speech (TIME, Feb. 8) but the replacement of the 10th Paratroop Division, first by less friendly paratroopers, then by German-speaking Foreign Legionnaires. Abruptly, fraternization ended, and in the sector held by followers of spivvish Algiers Café Owner Jo Ortiz, the insurgents began to drown their growing uneasiness in liquor—a frivolity that so outraged ideologist Lagailarde that he broke off contact between his own forces and those of Ortiz. Finally, after the revolt began to break, Ortiz himself sneaked away over the rooftops of downtown Algiers.

Abandoned by Ortiz, betrayed (as he



"ALORS, I THINK I CAN DEPEND ON EVERY ONE OF YOU . . ."

London Evening Standard



ALGERS INSURGENT PIERRE LAGAILLARDE CROSSES BARRICADES TO SURRENDER
And then all that chummy beer-drinking ended.

Paris-Match

saw it) by the army. Lagailarde reluctantly negotiated surrender terms with a Foreign Legion colonel. The bargain: any of Lagailarde's men willing to lay down arms could go home at once; those who wanted to prove their eagerness to "die for France" (except Lagailarde himself) would be enrolled in the Legion. But once removed from their leader's magnetic fervor, and subjected to the discouraging prospects of enlistment and the pleas of tearful relatives, most of Lagailarde's fighters lost their martial ardor. In the end, only 127 of them signed up for a token six months' hitch.

Contamination Problem. Ignominiously as the uprising ended, it left the European *ultras* of Algiers no wiser and just as dissatisfied as ever. While Moslem workmen repaved the streets around the insurgents' redoubt—with asphalt instead of cobblestones to prevent future barricade building—extremists boasted that they had plenty of weapons stashed away "for next time."

Aware that the struggle was not over, De Gaulle moved swiftly against the right-wing European settlers. A new public prosecutor, specially briefed by De Gaulle himself, flew into Algiers from Paris. Five *ultra* organizations, including those headed by Ortiz and Lagailarde, were banned, and 27 *ultra* leaders jailed or placed under house arrest. Among them was ex-Vichyite Alain de Sérigny, owner of the inflammatory *Echo d'Alger*, who was snatched off one of his own freighters as it left Algiers.

Determined to end what he dryly termed "the obliging incertitude of some military elements," De Gaulle also fired Algiers' security official, Army Colonel Yves Godard, summoned at least three other key colonels to Paris to explain their behavior. To prevent further "contamination," the Defense Ministry decided to abandon Algiers as a major troop

base. As for General Massu's old 10th Paratroop Division, now reportedly bound for service on the Tunisian border, the word was that it will "never again return to Algiers."

SWITZERLAND

The Verdict

All Geneva last week was absorbed in the final days of the trial of Pierre Jaccoud, 54. The former dean of the Geneva bar, a power in cantonal politics, a man of wealth and breeding, Jaccoud stood accused of a brutal and almost senseless murder: shooting and stabbing to death Charles Zumbach, 62, whose young son had captured the affections of Jaccoud's longtime mistress, pretty Linda Baud, 38 (TIME, Feb. 1).

Attired in his morning coat, Attorney General Charles Cornu, 70, rose for his final summation against the defendant, in whose home he had been a frequent guest. Cornu first explained haltingly that he had not really been Jaccoud's "friend," and that their relationship had always been "professional." Looking at the emaciated defendant, Cornu then charged that "this charming, intelligent, celebrated lawyer, this great man of politics, was an abject criminal who shot and stabbed a defenseless man."

In an unsympathetic courtroom, René Floriot, one of the best and most expensive of Parisian criminal lawyers, delivered a marathon defense oration that ended with "*Mais non*, all I am trying to say is that you cannot find a man guilty on this kind of evidence." Swiss newspapers fumed at French journalists who suggested that Jaccoud was being railroaded because he had blemished the reputation of conservative, Calvinist Geneva. Students angrily burned copies of *Paris-Match* on a city square.

The jury was out for a total of three

hours, found Pierre Jaccoud guilty of "simple homicide" and sentenced him to seven years' imprisonment, less the nearly two years he has already been under arrest. French lawyers sneered at the verdict as "a typical Swiss compromise." Lawyer Floriot, arriving in Paris, protested: "If my client was guilty, he should have received a much heavier sentence; if not, he should have been liberated."

WEST GERMANY

A Pilgrimage to Hell

On a wind-blasted heath south of Hamburg, the Germans have made a "Park of Remembrance." It is the site of the hell called Belsen, one of the infamous concentration camps and prisons in which 4,000,000 Jews were done to death in Nazi times. Though thousands went on to gas chambers elsewhere, most of Belsen's own 30,000 victims died of typhus, starvation and maltreatment in the two weeks before the British liberated the camp. Their graves are 13 long, low mounds marked simply and grimly: "Here lie buried 1,000 bodies." "Here lie 2,500 bodies." Among those buried in Belsen's mass graves: Anne Frank.

One day last week, as a wintry noon sun glinted dully on the stunted pines and heather, a long line of sleek black Mercedes limousines snaked past the low mounds to a grey stone obelisk that rises like a warning finger over the baleful site of Belsen's barracks and torture cells. From the leading car stepped Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, come with three of his Cabinet Ministers, members of the diplomatic corps and a group of Jewish leaders to pay tribute to Belsen's Jewish dead. It was the first visit of any high West German official to the place since former President Theodor Heuss unveiled the memorial seven years ago.

"Memory comes alive on a day like this," said the old Chancellor, who was himself twice imprisoned by the Nazis. "In recent weeks things have happened in Germany that we most deeply regret. I ask the world to be assured that we will work with all our strength never again to let happen what happened during the Nazi period."

For the Jewish leaders, Dr. Nahum Goldmann, president of the World Jewish Congress, thanked the Chancellor for his assurances that young Germans would be taught the true story of the Nazi past, but wryly expressed some concern for the future: "We are not worried about Germany so long as Chancellor Adenauer is alive. But peoples change, and what today is small can be large tomorrow."

RUSSIA

Dissent from Peking

Obviously, the leaders of the eight Communist-bloc countries who held an "Eastern summit" in Moscow last week had gone to talk agriculture. But their final communiqué was all about Berlin. And it was tough. "If efforts directed at signing a peace treaty with both German

states do not meet support" at the Big Four summit, it said, the Communist bloc would all sign a separate peace treaty with East Germany and "on this basis solve the problem of West Berlin as well." Naturally, these sentiments were unanimously adopted.

But a few days later, noises began to be heard indicating that all had not been so harmonious at Moscow after all. There were persistent reports from Eastern Europe that satellite countries had shown themselves reluctant at the meeting to follow Khrushchev's example and announce a cut in their armed forces. And from Peking came words from a speech delivered at the Moscow meeting by Chinese Observer Kang Sheng that was not mentioned at all, let alone published in Russia. At an earlier gathering of the clan in May 1958 it was announced that the sessions "in which an observer from the Chinese People's Republic also took part confirmed the unanimity of the governments represented." With good reason, no such claim was made this time. For Kang Sheng condemned Premier Khrushchev's coexistence policy at its key points:

While the Moscow statement hailed the improvement of U.S.-Soviet relations and expected more from Eisenhower's visit this summer, Kang said flatly: "The actions of the U.S. fully prove that its imperialist nature cannot be changed."

While Moscow talked about Russia's eager expectancy of a disarmament agreement, Kang said flatly: "American action has proved that they will not give up the policy of the arms race."

If the Russians wanted to play down disagreements, Peking plainly wanted to play them up—and perhaps to be seen challenging Russia within the Communist bloc on these important issues. Some British experts guess that this challenge in part impelled Khrushchev to come down so firmly on the Berlin issue. Whatever the reason, it served to make the prospect of any Berlin settlement at the summit that much harder, since it freezes Russia to positions that the West cannot accept.

AFRICA

Changing Wind

As visiting Prime Minister Harold Macmillan made his way through the Union of South Africa, allowed to meet none of the blacks (who make up 67% of the population), he could sense the mood of the country from the headlines. The three-year-old "treason trial" of 30 political prisoners drowned on. Police rounded up 30 Africans to try for the drunken explosion of violence that recently killed nine policemen in Cato Manor, a Negro ghetto. "Cato Manor," wrote one reader to the editor, "should make the white population of South Africa realize that they are surrounded by savages who are not fit for political rights." South Africa's Parliament solemnly passed a new law to extend segregation on bathing beaches to three miles out to sea so that colored swimmers could not get closer than the sharks to white waters.



MACMILLAN IN AFRICA
Their business was his business.

Teacup Serenade. It was the touchiest point in Macmillan's Africa tour. So far, he had been saying amiable nothings (TIME, Feb. 8). Now he hardly dared be rude to a "Commonwealth Club" member, even though it had just proclaimed its intention of becoming a republic (no longer recognizing Queen Elizabeth as its sovereign). If he spoke too sharply, he might increase South Africa's harsh feeling of isolation without changing its policies. His hosts had serenaded him with a rattle of teacups and surrounded him with politicians, businessmen and plain folks, all of them white.

On the seventh of his nine days, Macmillan's Rolls-Royce swept past a few dozen whites waving Union Jacks and crying "Good old Mac," and a cluster of grim blacks holding up antigovernment placards, and up to Parliament to address a joint session. His speech had been drafted long ago in London to be the major effort of his trip. In the parliamentary dining room sat his expectant hearers, most of them bulky, stolid-looking Afrikaners.

Slowly, sonorously, without a hint of smile, he set forth, first with courtesies, then with his message. "The wind of change is blowing through this continent," said Macmillan. "Whether we like it or not, this growth of national consciousness is a political fact, and we must come to terms with it." South Africa had a right to its own policies, but, said Macmillan, "in this shrinking world, the internal policies of one nation may have effects outside it," and the old saying, "mind your own business" now needs amendment to "mind your own business, but mind how it affects my business, too." Pounding the table for emphasis, he told the white supremacists that "we reject the idea of any inherent superiority of one race over another." He knew South Africa's problems, but "I hope you won't mind my saying frankly that there are some aspects of your poli-

cies which make it impossible for us to support you without being false to our own deep convictions about the political destinies of free men."

As he sat down, two thirds of the audience applauded perfunctorily, and the other third, including his host Prime Minister Hendrik Verwoerd, applauded not at all. Rising to reply, in a manner that was not as hostile as his words, Verwoerd declared: "We have problems enough in South Africa without your coming to add to them. We do not see eye to eye" on racial matters, he went on; what is most necessary today is "to be just to the white man of Africa." This time, the applause was loud and clear.

Next day, speaking to reporters in Cape Town, Harold Macmillan remarked: "Twenty years ago one spoke of guaranteeing rights of natives. Now it appears to be a question of guaranteeing the rights of Europeans." In London, Macmillan's Colonial Secretary Iain Macleod grappled with the problem as it affects Kenya colony. Meeting privately with European, African, Asian and Arab delegates from Kenya, he laid down two elements of British policy: 1) the system "I hope to see flourish in Kenya" is the "Westminster model" of parliamentary institutions, rather than a strong executive; 2) "as time goes on, Africans, and I use the term in the commonly accepted sense [i.e., blacks], will be in the majority position, and their voice will be the predominant voice." White settler representatives were shocked as they left the meeting; African Leader Tom Mboya unhappily complained that Macleod's intricate system of reserved parliamentary seats for whites was still far from the one-man, one-vote system he is demanding. But Macleod had made a major British commitment to the "wind of change" blowing through Africa.

ITALY

Sitdown Under

Afraid that they were being eased out of their jobs in a played-out lignite mine near Spoleto, 90 miners went on a sitdown strike 1,300 ft. underground. They got friends to send down bedding. Officials of their Communist-run union organized re-lays to send down food and wine. The strikers played cards, chatted or took long walks in the eerily echoing galleries.

It was as dank and dark a sitdown strike as even militant or desperate men could survive, and soon about one-third of the strikers, worried about their families or tired of living like moles, got out by emergency exits. Wives and children of the remaining strikers gathered at the pit-head to talk by phone to their men below on Mine Level 13. Spoleto's Archbishop Raffaele Mario Radossi, using the same phone, implored the strikers to surface and negotiate. Worried company officials struggled to keep the pumps operating and the ventilating system working so that the men would not fall victim to methane gas. The workers counted on attracting national attention to their little town of



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Morgano, whose second-largest employer, a cotton mill, had just laid off 400 of its 800 employees, most of them women.

With both its menfolks' and its womenfolks' jobs in the balance, Morgano's Communist mayor appealed to Rome for relief to both mine and mill. The mill was obsolete and the mine uneconomic, but the pressure worked. The mill agreed to reduce the layoffs to 255 and spread these out over eleven months. The mine (run by a government-owned corporation) promised to avoid any actual firings, transfer men to other jobs as available.

Hearing the news read to them over the mine phone, 68 pale and whiskey strikers consented to be hoisted out. Sniffing his first fresh air and soaking up his first sunshine in eight days, one striker allowed: "It wasn't too bad down there." Another joined in: "But it's better out here."

GREAT BRITAIN

"Time, Gentlemen..."

From the day that the ingenious Romans set up their first roadside *bibulum* in conquered Britannia, there have been pubs in England. Such emblems as the White Horse (banner of the Saxons), the Sun (badge of Richard the Lionhearted) or St. George and the Dragon recall a proud past. There are four pubs in Whitehall controlled by the Queen herself, and there are scores more among the island's 68,000 that are entitled to use the noble arms of ducal patrons.

Nevertheless, it has begun to dawn on some Britons that the pub is something out of the past in more ways than one. Class-conscious publicans still provide a "saloon" for the gentry and a "public" bar for the lower classes, where a pint is a penny cheaper. Dog-eared signs command: "No Singing," "No Gambling," "No Credit." Listening to phonograph records or sports broadcasts is forbidden. Finally, there is the most exasperating restriction of all—"Time, gentlemen, please," which is the theme song of the most bewildering set of license laws in Christendom.

When & Where? Last week, in answer to a motion that the government "give urgent consideration to this question," Home Secretary Rab Butler was ready to make good a historic promise. Her Majesty's government, he told Parliament, would do something about the nation's crazy-quilt licensing laws at last. As things stand now, a London pub may stay open only nine hours each weekday, and these hours must be divided into one period around lunchtime and one period in the evening. But since each borough or local council can fix its own hours, no one can be sure just when "Time, gentlemen" will be called. As if the pub situation were not confusing enough, a hotel guest, while able to drink at any time because he is legally "at home," cannot offer a friend a drink when the local pub is closed. Nor can a grocer sell a housewife liquor, though he is allowed to "deliver"—if only to a waiting pram.

The result has been that though Britain's official consumption of alcohol has

declined, the number of private drinking clubs has soared to 22,000. Because of last-minute guzzling to get under the bell, there are now four automobile accidents every three minutes in the two hours just after evening closing time.

How & Where? The most ludicrous aspect of the licensing laws is the fact that they can turn a man into the most desperate kind of pub crawler: with a little ingenuity, a good map, and much patience he can drink legally around the clock in London.

He starts out at a pub with a normal closing time. At 10:30 or 11 p.m., he moves on to Paddington Station's Running Donkey, which serves thirsty porters until 3 a.m. After that he dashes over to Smithfield Market, where he can drink until 6 a.m. with the city's meat loaders. Then,

shape than ever before, some 10 million Burmese went happily to woven-bamboo voting booths to elect Ne Win's civilian successor. It was just as the general himself had promised three months ago.

In spite of their enforced sabbatical, the politicians had not been idle. From the start, ex-Premier U Nu had the advantage. In the most Buddhist of Buddhist nations, he early won the support of Burma's 50,000 Buddhist monks. He promised that his candidates would "merit admission to the higher abode of Nirvana," regretted the corruption and inefficiency that had brought in army rule, and carefully laid out his *ballinatsa*, a table loaded with fruits and meats for the spirits to dine on.

He adopted the Buddhist saffron as his party color, and when the Moslems pro-



LARRY BURROWS

BRITISH PUB SCENE

Out of the past in more ways than one.

it's off to Kemble's Head at Covent Garden, where the vegetable loaders can drink until 8:30 a.m. Next comes The Cock at Euston Station and, finally, The Eagle at Southwark, which opens after lunchtime closing and closes at evening opening. At that point, pub No. 1 starts serving as usual, and the man of determination can start all over again.

BURMA

The Return of U Nu

In the 15 months since he and the army took over as the caretakers of chaotic Burma, General Ne Win has proved an odd sort of strongman. He ruled well, but instead of enjoying his power, he grumbled about his sinuses and complained that there was not enough time to play golf any more. Instead of welcoming publicity, he consented to only one press conference, at which he curtly told newsmen to write whatever they pleased, and then walked out. Last week, with the country in better moral, economic and political

tested against his promise to make Buddhism the state religion, he gently reminded them that it was he who had translated their own Koran into Burmese. And while campaigners enthusiastically shrieked epithets at each other as in the old days ("Epileptic!" "Mange-covered leper!"), U Nu took the line that a victory for his opponents "might produce a third World War."

Last week, as the returns came in, U Nu took a decisive lead over U Ba Swe, once his lieutenant, now his bitter rival, who lost his own constituency. But if Ne Win's army would now step down, it was by no means stepping out of the picture entirely. It has set up a vast network of Solidarity Councils with the motto, "Lightning from the Sky." The purpose of the councils: to take care of such matters as supplying fuel, guarding against floods, and urging villagers to report on anyone suspected of being a Communist or a rebel. Furthermore, through a kind of super PX that just grew and grew in the past year, the army also runs a financial

empire that even U Nu would find hard to dislodge. Among its activities: a bookshop, bank, import-export bureau, bus company, electrical-appliance outlets, a fuel-supply firm, a department store, a shipping line, the control of nearly all fisheries, as well as plans to sell everything from shoes to paint to coke.

LAOS

The Great Tree Hunt

Many centuries before a king is born, his tree bursts through the earth as a green finger,

—Laotian saying

Ever since he died last October, King Sisavang Vong has been waiting. His body, suitably embalmed with formaldehyde, crouches in a throne-shaped coffin in the Royal Palace in Luangprabang in the fetal position, for the Buddhist monks say, "As we came into this world, so we shall leave it." The dead King is dressed in his most glittering robes and wears a gem-encrusted conical crown. His gaze is turned toward the wide, murmuring Mekong River where during his long life of 74 years he loved to watch canoe races and fireworks displays, often in the company of some of his 25 wives and 100 children.

Last week the Royal Laotian Cabinet announced confidently that the King's funeral will take place next October. But before then, the King's tree must be found. As always, it will be a rare sandalwood tree of the first quality, free of rot, and large enough so that it can be hollowed out to take the body of the King in a sitting position. The Minister of Cults has already summoned the nation's provincial governors. In turn, the governors summoned the district and village chiefs. Thus the word was passed to the most remote Laotian tribesmen, from the mountainous northern border with China to the arid southern plains where tigers roam.

Searching for the royal tree, sarong-clad Laotians, silver-bedecked Meo tribesmen, naked Kha with blowpipes and poison darts move like shadows through the jungle. Black, White and Red Thai pad over the hills and into the deep valleys. "No one is forced to search, but all do," says the Minister of Cults. "By so doing they gain merit in the eyes of Buddha."

Inferior logs of sandalwood have already arrived at Luangprabang, the gifts of rich and poor alike. Each log bears the name and address of the sender, and will be piled on a hilltop in October to serve as a sweet-smelling funeral pyre for the dead King. When the royal tree is at last found, the news will be spread by couriers, bronze drums, temple gongs, buffalo-hide tom-toms and by telegraph.

Less than two months remain before the rainy season, beginning in April, will make further searching impossible. But no one in Laos doubts that the royal sandalwood will be found. After all, the tree has been growing through the centuries just for this moment and this royal purpose—to enclose in its sun-yellowed heartwood the body of its predestined King.

UNITED NATIONS

Favored Candidate

Frederick Henry Boland's chances of becoming the next president of the U.N. General Assembly next fall already seem as surefire as those of a Democratic primary winner running in a final election in the Deep South. Last week he got combined backing of the U.S., Great Britain and Canada. Besides this powerful support, Boland can count on the consistent anticolonial stand of his native Ireland to help win Latin American and Afro-Asian nations. His rival, Czechoslovakia's Jiri Nosek, can count for sure only on the nine votes of the Communist bloc.

Though Ireland is a relative newcomer to the U.N. (1955) and has one of the



IRELAND'S BOLAND
On Eastern toes, on Western toes.

smallest delegations, it has made a name for itself out of all proportion to its size. Boland arrived at the U.N. just before Suez and Hungary shocked the world. On Suez, Ireland voted against France and Britain ("We felt the attack on Egypt endangered all small countries"), but criticized Nasser for provoking the attack. On Hungary, Ireland inspired and then co-sponsored the resolution that set up a five-nation committee of inquiry. Ireland has stepped on the toes of both sides in the cold war. It was the first Western European nation to call for self-determination in Algeria. It infuriated the Communists by bringing up the Tibet issue, and annoyed others—including a good many Roman Catholic prelates—by urging the U.N. to re-examine whether Peking or Formosa should represent China.

With his beet-red face and gray hair plastered to his head, Boland resembles a jovial Irish publican, but the scholarly, Dublin-born diplomat finds as much relaxation in reading Latin and Greek classics as in Irish gin and whisky. A colleague at the U.N. considers Boland "far and

away the finest chairman the Trusteeship Committee ever had." This delicate post was excellent preparation for the kind of diplomacy required of an Assembly president—knowing how to preserve decorum, when to persuade someone quietly to call for an adjournment, and when to press for a night session. The Assembly job also calls for the exercise of behind-the-scenes social as well as diplomatic skills. Fortunately, Frederick Boland is a gregarious man. "You can accomplish a lot over a steak and a dry martini," he says. "I just hope my liver holds out."

INDIA

Decision in Kerala

During weeks of hot and heavy campaigning, all eyes in India were on Kerala, a hard-up state whose 16 million inhabitants make it as populous as Canada. The question was whether Kerala, which voted Communist in 1957 and endured 28 months of chaotic Red rule, would vote Communist again. After all, the Reds had not been thrown out at the polls but removed from office on orders from New Delhi. This time the non-Communists were taking no chances. They borrowed freely from successful Communist tricks ranging from parades of painted elephants to torchlight processions. In the most Christian (24%) of India's 14 states, priests warned of the dire consequences if the Reds returned to power with their plan to give half of the teaching posts in church schools to Communists. Both sides plastered mud walls with gory posters. Red posters showed rich Hindus sucking blood and money out of starving peasants. Their opponents splashed a gaudy re-creation of an incident last summer showing Communist cops shooting to death a pregnant fisherwoman.

On election day last week 8,200,000 Keralites went to the polls for a record turnout—85% of those eligible. Wives arose before dawn to line up at the polls ahead of later-stirring husbands and sons. Along the Malabar coast fishermen came in straight from a night on the sea. The non-Communist coalition had swept 94 out of 126 legislative seats. By combining to eliminate three- and four-cornered races, the Congress Party, Praja Socialists and Moslem League, usually at one another's throats, concentrated on the Reds instead. Swept out of office were seven out of eleven ministers of the Communist regime. Kerala's Red boss, E.M.S. Namboodiripad, the former chief minister, survived only by switching to a safe constituency.

Surveying the picture, Neelam Sanjiva Reddy, the new national president of India's dominant Congress Party, crowed: "The people of Kerala have rejected Communism outright." But the local Congress Party leader, R. Sanker, saw no reason for anyone to be "unduly jubilant." Shut out as they were in assembly seats, the Reds actually increased their popular vote and their share (42%) of the total. In New Delhi, Prime Minister Nehru said that Kerala made him "very happy."



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THE PHILIPPINES

Message from Garcia

Abed with a back ailment last autumn, President Carlos Garcia had ample time to ponder the stunning election defeats his *Nacionalista* Party candidates had suffered in the major cities. By all accounts, a major crisis of conscience occurred, for the more sophisticated city voters (whose votes cannot as easily be bought as in the rural *barrios*) were protesting the Garcia government's record of influence-peddling, nepotism and mismanagement. "Will my grandchildren think I was a good President?" Garcia asked an aide. Manila cynics suggested that another question was running through his mind: Will the voters think so at the next election?

The answer just might be discouraging. So Garcia began acting differently. When his Defense Secretary, Alejo Santos, was charged with smuggling gifts past customs after a trip abroad, Garcia ordered an investigation instead of brushing it away with his usual benign air. Then he called *Nacionalista* leaders together to say that corruption was so common that "no less than a total effort is necessary to reduce this social cancer to a minimum."

Sure enough, when Garcia heard details of a swindle in the government's farm-credit agency, he fired all the top directors and installed a nonpolitical board of governors. He did the same with the government-run National Marketing Corp. Next he turned to the Cabinet itself, firing Secretary of Commerce Pedro Hernaez, the party treasurer, whose strategic position made him an ideal political fund raiser among businessmen. He also fired Finance Secretary Jaime Hernandez, whose job included the granting of dollar import licenses. As new Finance Secretary he named energetic Economist Dominador Aytuna, 41, budget commissioner under the late incorruptible President Ramon Magsaysay. Aytuna has already turned up 50 million pesos (\$25 million) worth of questionable transactions, and has proposed indicting 30 customs employees.

"President Garcia has at last awakened to the fact that good government is the best politics," said the Manila *Times*. "Personally, I want to retire from politics," said Garcia last week, "but my personal interests are subordinate to the national interest." He obviously also thought that there would be little national interest in him unless he and the government reformed.

RED CHINA

The Lone Critic

Ever since Mao Tse-tung let the "100 flowers bloom and contend" and then rooted them out, the voice of dissent has been hard to hear in Red China. But it was plainly to be seen last week in the pages of *New Construction*, a nonparty theoretical monthly permitted occasionally to deviate slightly from the party line. The critic was ancient and prestig-

ious Ma Yin-chu, president of Peking University. "More than 200 people have criticized my views, and I hear more are entering the battle," wrote Ma defiantly. "I accept the challenge, and even though I am nearly 80 years old and know that an individual cannot resist the multitude, I am ready to go forth to battle with bare hands and perish rather than yield."

In his latest essay, Economist Ma was allowed to attack one of the most sacred of official Peking views—that an ever-increasing population is a source of Chinese strength. If China is to advance at the pace its leaders have set, argued Ma, it must raise the quality of its population—i.e., the productivity of its labor force—and control its quantity. For example,



MA YIN-CHU

Among the last roots of the 100 flowers.

he demanded, how can China think that 20,000 men can do the work of one Soviet electronic computer? If China's population explosion is not contained, he went on, "sooner or later the peasants will change all the favors and kindness they have received into feelings of despair and discontent, and though the result may not be the same as what happened in Poland and Hungary, it will inevitably bring many headaches for the government." Most Communist writers are too tactful to mention Poland or Hungary. Ma, according to his critics, is also guilty of using too many quotations from Communist leaders and not being "solemn enough" about it—in other words, he is skilled at making party policy look silly in its own words.

How does Ma get away with it? Some say his age saves him; others speak of a powerful friend. A mandarin trained before World War I at Yale and Columbia

(he wrote a thesis on New York City municipal finances), Ma returned to China around 1918 to teach, and to advise Chiang Kai-shek from time to time on economic matters. Always a maverick, he was arrested by the Nationalists during World War II as one of the Chiang government's most vehement Kuomintang critics. Ma later acknowledged that Communist Liaison Officer Chou En-lai "did everything in his power to save me." When Ma finally fled to Hong Kong shortly before Chiang's fall in 1949, it was Chou who sent a telegram inviting him to join the new Communist regime in Peking.

Ma did not join the party, but was made president of Red China's biggest university. He boned up on Russian, added a bit of Lenin to make "my new system of thinking," and began publishing treatises on population and agriculture. For boldly arguing that agricultural output should be boosted before tackling industrialization, Ma came under heavy orthodox attack, only to be handsomely vindicated when Mao Tse-tung himself ordered the economic revolution of the communes 18 months ago. Now he complains that the critics dragged out against him are "new names" unworthy of his stature, and adds defiantly: "I will never capitulate to those critics who are bent on bringing others to submission by force and not by reasoning."

JAPAN

Seven Court Chamberlains

In the first days of the U.S. occupation, Emperor Hirohito surrendered both his divinity and his isolation from the people of Japan. He visited mines and factories, would call out to fishermen. "Did you have a good catch today?" He crawled informally into ditches to examine plants that interested him—he is an expert on fungus—and would then unconcernedly wipe his muddy hands on his trousers.

Disarrayed Traffic. But all that is in the past. A shy and scholarly man, Hirohito is happier dissecting shellfish than chatting with workers. The seven top court chamberlains found it relatively easy to rebuild the Chrysanthemum Curtain that has traditionally walled off the Emperor from his subjects. When, occasionally, Hirohito grew restive at the silken bonds, the chamberlains were ready with smooth explanations. Did the Emperor wish to browse in a Tokyo bookstore? They warned that "such a visit would put the booksellers to great expense and trouble, and would also disarray traffic." Did he wish to visit a sick brother? They murmured that the shock of seeing the Emperor in his sickroom might put the invalid in his grave. Hirohito was prevented from making a personal TV appearance or attending a horse race; though he avidly follows baseball on the palace TV set, only last year was he able to attend one game in person.

The chamberlains know they are viewed as villains by most Japanese. In defense, they plead that they are responsible for

A vintage Buick '60 LeSabre is shown from a front-three-quarter view, driving down a paved road lined with tall, leafy trees. The car is a teal or light blue color with a white racing stripe down the center of the hood. Inside the car, a driver and a passenger are visible. In the distance, a group of people is walking along the same road. The overall scene is bright and sunny, with dappled light on the road.

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Hirohito's safety, and point to such incidents as the 1954 tragedy when 17 persons were crushed to death in the rush to see the Emperor, and the shocking incident in 1958 when teen-age girls swarmed over the Emperor's car, waving autograph books and banging on the windows to get his attention. The chamberlains ignore the argument that such public frenzy might be the result of the rarity of the Emperor's appearances.

Toppled Throne. Despising the chamberlains as "stoneheads," the Japanese people look to young Prince Akihito, 26, and his commoner bride, Princess Michiko, 24, as the monarchy's last and best hope. The proposed visit of the young couple to the U.S. in May (Michiko's first child is expected in March) has been taken as evidence that when Akihito mounts the throne he will not become a prisoner of the chamberlains like his father. Thereupon the seven chamberlains urged postponement of Akihito's trip until well after President Eisenhower's visit to Japan in June, "to prevent members of the imperial family being used as a political instrument." Besides, they said, the Crown Prince should first repay visits from Ethiopia's Haile Selassie and Iran's Shah. Last week, blandly ignoring earlier pledges of a U.S. trip in May, the inflexible chamberlains declared that "the Imperial Household Board will work out its own plans for an autumn overseas tour" by Akihito, "independent of any political considerations."

It used to be a fond hope that the reticent and captive Hirohito would soon abdicate (he is only 59) in Akihito's favor. To quiet such rumors, the seven chamberlains announced that construction will begin as soon as possible on a new \$20 million palace for Emperor Hirohito since his present modest villa—which was formerly the imperial air-raid shelter—is beneath the dignity of a reigning monarch.

JORDAN

The Heir of the Hashemites

When the King of Jordan looks upon his 20-year-old brother, Emir Mohammed, he does not see what others see. Hussein remembers only the terrified child crouching in the palace to escape the sporadic rampages of his father.* To the King, that is excuse enough for the behavior of the crown prince, who has suffered from a crippling stammer ever since. But when others look upon Mohammed, they see something else—a tyrannical egocentric in a major general's uniform, and an ever-present danger to the throne.

When young King Hussein set off for his good-will tour abroad last spring, he left the prince in charge of the Council of the Throne. Day after day the royal Mercury would roar through the streets of Amman. Wherever he went, Mohammed demanded full honors; he has been

* A gentle and cultivated man when rational, King Talal at 41 was forced to abdicate in 1952. "Please thank the government," he said when told the news, and then quietly removed himself to a sanitarium near Istanbul, where he now lives.

known to seize bodily those who failed to applaud him and turn them over to Bedouin guards demanding that they be flogged. Once, when a limousine with diplomatic license plates was slow getting out of his way, he jumped out of his own car and began shrieking abuse at the offender. But that time Mohammed was forced to apologize, because his astonished victim turned out to be the West German ambassador.

Palace servants have come to expect meals to be dashed to the floor simply because the salt is out of place. High officials know what it means when a hint is dropped that the prince would like to be invited to lunch. Upon receiving such a hint one day, the governor of Amman hastily rounded up 100 distinguished guests and prepared no fewer than 15



CROWN PRINCE MOHAMMED
Day after day: dangerous.

roast lambs, only to have Mohammed drive by at the appointed hour—on his way to a rendezvous with a maiden in the neighborhood.

When Hussein got back home from his tour, he listened with a heavy heart to the torrent of complaints about his brother—Mohammed badgering newspaper editors to put his picture on the front page, Mohammed phoning the radio station to play again and again his favorite tunes, Mohammed threatening physical harm to the U.A.R. ambassador, Mohammed boxing the ears of a group of girls who did not pay the proper attention to him. Once before, over the objections of dotting Queen Mother Zaine, Hussein had tried to persuade the prince to go abroad for medical treatment. Finally last week, the palace cryptically announced that Mohammed would leave at the end of the month for a trip to the U.S., Canada and Britain (lest this seem an affront, the King named his younger brother vicerey

during his own two-day absence from the country this week). Prince Mohammed still remains the immediate heir to a stouthearted young King whose perpetually threatened life is all that keeps alive the dynasty of the Hashemites.

THE MIDDLE EAST

Israeli Militant

The uneasy border peace between Israeli and Arab was broken last week by the sharpest armed clash since Israel's 1956 invasion of the Sinai peninsula. It began with a sporadic, five-day-long exchange of gunfire over the efforts of Arab farmers to plow up disputed land in the demilitarized zone between Israel and Syria, south of the Sea of Galilee. It became something else when Prime Minister David Ben-Gurion got word at a Cabinet meeting that an Israeli border policeman had been killed in the exchanges. He ordered a reprisal attack of the kind that Israel used to launch across Arab borders before the Sinai invasion three years ago.

Nine hours after the policeman's death, the Israelis struck in force. Under cover of darkness, infantry troops of the Golani Brigade pushed off in files toward their objective: the Arab village of Tawafik. It lies in the demilitarized zone just below the Syrian-held hills, in an area that has been the subject of 755 complaints from the Israelis since 1951. When a Syrian searchlight stabbed at the advancing armor, the Israeli unit commander coolly radioed his artillery base: "I would be greatly indebted to you if you would kindly switch off that projector which is disturbing my work." Israeli shells zeroed in, and the light snapped off. As Syrian artillery opened up, the Israeli infantry bumbled into a machine-gun nest in the presumably unarmed village, wiped it out with a grenade attack. After that the Israelis placed two tons of dynamite under the village walls and withdrew. One hour later, most of Tawafik's 40-odd houses blew up with a roar that shook the Jordan River valley.

Later that day, Syrian forces moved back into the ruins of Tawafik, after U.N. officials had won the usual assurances of a cease-fire amid the usual counter-exchanges of boasts and threats. Cairo claimed to have killed 38 Israelis (Israel said it lost only three), and two Syrian MIG pilots were decorated after an aerial dogfight in which, said the Israelis, the MIGs fired wildly out of range.

The intensity of Israel's reprisal reflects a revival of the old Israeli feelings of frustration. The Arab economic boycott has been cutting into their trade. President Nasser has been getting more aid from both East and West, and the U.N. has failed to secure passage for Israeli goods through the Suez Canal, even when carried in ships of other countries. After several years of quiet diplomacy, a familiar old note was struck in Ben-Gurion's militant warning last week to his people: "During the next decade we are liable to face a grave and perhaps decisive military test."

THE HEMISPHERE

CUBA

The Proconsul Arrives

Anastas Mikoyan went to Havana last week and in effect told Fidel Castro that Moscow, mother of revolutions, thought well of Castro's little revolution and was willing to help it out. The Soviet First Deputy Premier went at Cuba's invitation, delivered to him by a special envoy two months ago while Mikoyan was in Mexico opening the Soviets' touring scientific-cultural exposition (TIME, Nov. 30). Ostensible purpose: to open the same fair in Havana.

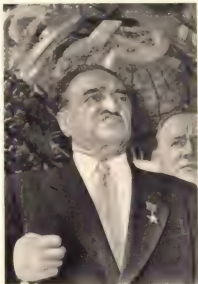
At Havana's airport, Mikoyan climbed out of his plane from Moscow in the manner of a proconsul come to view his latest province. Waiting and happily savoring the event were Fidel Castro and Major Ernesto ("Che") Guevara, president of Cuba's national bank and the government's leading Red.

Battle of Wreaths. Next morning at 11:30, Mikoyan laid a hammer-and-sickle wreath on the statue of José Martí, Cuba's George Washington, and took off for the Palace of Fine Arts, two blocks away, to open the exposition with an outdoor speech. A few minutes later a small group of students approached the statue with their own wreath, bearing a ribbon that said: "Vindication for the visit of the assassin Mikoyan." When cops waved them off, a student shouted: "If he can place a wreath, why can't we?" Soldiers guarding Mikoyan at the exposition rushed up on the double, began firing their new Belgian automatic rifles wildly in the air, and one student was wounded.

Screened by buildings, Mikoyan and the assembled dignitaries two blocks away heard the shots, and the bewildered audience began to scream. Soldiers aimed their guns at rooftops. Mikoyan slid indoors but reappeared in a few minutes, and the speeches began. Cuba's Commerce Minister warmed up the crowd with the marvelously fortuitous news that he had just received a cabled order from Moscow for 345,000 tons of sugar worth \$21,500,000. Then Mikoyan moved in. His theme was to identify Russia and Cuba as comrades fighting the same fight against the U.S. and capitalism. Said Mikoyan: "You Cubans will understand me if I tell you that the imperialists invent more lies about us than they do about you. They try to bury the truth in slime."

And the truth? Russia is "rapidly overtaking the U.S. in all production indices." Russia's technique, the professional revolutionary told the amateurs, was that it took over agriculture and industry and gave them to their "rightful owners, the people, confiscating without compensation all the means of production." In the same groove Banker Guevara, over TV the night before, announced that the revolution planned to take over at least 51% control of the basic industries in Cuba.

Mikoyan, whose government has not



RUSSIA'S MIKOYAN IN HAVANA

Tips from the big mother.

had diplomatic relations with Cuba since 1952, pointedly called for strengthening "economic, cultural and other types of relations." During Mikoyan's week-long stay, he planned to invite Castro to Moscow, and confer at great length.

"Boarded by Pirates." Was Mikoyan boldly grabbing Cuba? New York's Senator Kenneth Keating heatedly called Cuba "a ship boarded by pirates." But official U.S. policy toward Cuba, as written by President Eisenhower, is to keep calm and wait it out, letting the Cuban people, who have a long history of hating totalitarianism, handle their own problem. Amidst signs of Mikoyan's success there were counter-signs that Cuban love of liberty was at work. The student demonstration was a blow at Castro, and the perils implicit as Mikoyan courted Cuba were the topic of many a sidewalk debate.

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

Bishops' Warning

Full in the act of stamping out a threatened uprising by some 2,000 business and professional men and women, Dominican Republic Dictator Rafael Leonidas Trujillo last week got an ominous warning from the Roman Catholic Church. It came in a pastoral letter like those the church directed against Argentina's Juan Perón, Venezuela's Marcos Pérez Jiménez and Colombia's Gustavo Rojas Pinilla just before their downfalls. Signed by all six bishops of the Dominican Republic, the letter was a politely furious response to the imprisonment of 2,000 leading citizens packed off to La Victoria jail on the outskirts of Ciudad Trujillo and a concentration camp at Finca del Diablo, 20 miles north of the capital.

Jammed Churches. News that the letter was to be read leaked out in advance, and record crowds jammed 624 churches across the country. Women wore family heirloom jewelry and dressed in black as a sign of mourning and protest. They listened in hushed excitement as the letter boldly and dramatically demanded rights that Trujillo has systematically denied for 30 years—privacy of home and family, the right to emigrate, the freedoms of conscience, press and assembly.

At the end, the letter said its six signers had written to Trujillo to suggest a plan to end "the excesses, dry the tears, heal the wounds." In return, "we have promised special pledges in order to obtain from God the boon that none of the members of the [Trujillo] family shall ever experience the sufferings that today afflict the hearts of so many." Thunderstruck by open Catholic opposition, churchgoers left early Masses, talked nervously in church courtyards, returned to hear the letter read again at the next Mass. Collection plates overflowed with cash and donations of jewelry.

Until now, Trujillo and the church have got along well. Archbishop Ricardo Pittini, Primate of the Americas, is now 83 and blind, but four years ago he signed a letter to the New York Times praising Trujillo and saying that "this dictator is loved and honored by his people." Trujillo signed a concordat with the Vatican in 1954, and has served as godfather at Catholic baptisms of at least 3,800 children. His government is building a magnificent church in Higüey.

Stripped & Handcuffed. Pastoral or no pastoral, Trujillo did not pause in his drive to put down the rebellion. Inside the jails, his well-bred prisoners—doctors, engineers, sons of government officials, university professors, industrialists—were systematically humiliated by being stripped, handcuffed and tossed into communal cells. Trujillo's courts hauled 40 of them out of jail, quietly tried them and handed them 30-year sentences. Departing from normal practice, U.S. State Department Spokesman Lincoln White volunteered that the U.S. was "concerned" about the effect of the arrest of plotters on "basic humanitarian principles in the Americas." But the U.S. Navy, not keyed in, sent seven ships to Ciudad Trujillo harbor to let the crews have liberty ashore. The imposing sight of the anchored U.S. Aircraft Carrier *Intrepid*, with its jets ready on the flight deck, and of bluejackets all over the streets, gave most Dominicans the impression that the U.S. was backing Trujillo.

But the perils of battling bishops were clear to Trujillo. He sent his Foreign Minister hurrying off to the Vatican in an attempt to turn off church opposition. "When you pick up the newspapers and read that I am dead, you will know I have retired," Trujillo once said. He clearly plans to make a hard fight to survive.

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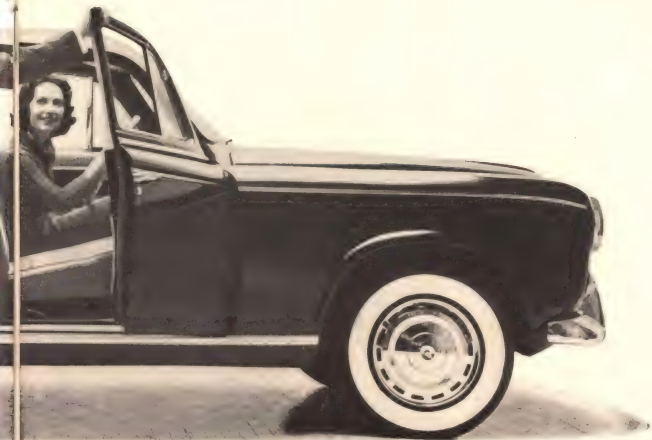
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PEOPLE

Palm Beach's fabulous white marble Flagler Museum came back to life when some 425 very social guests attended the pinnacle event of Florida's winter season. The museum was once **Whitehall Mansion**, home of Oilman **Henry Morrison Flagler**, a Rockefeller partner who, before his death in 1913, almost single-handed, transformed much of southern Florida from wasteland into alluring real estate. Built in 1902 at a cost of \$2,500,000, Whitehall's 39 rooms include a cavernous (110 ft. by 40 ft.) tapestried main hall that once contained one of the largest Persian Kirmanshah rugs ever loomed. Other features: an Italian Renaissance library, a Louis XIV music room, a Louis XV ballroom, a Louis XVI grand salon, 16 guest rooms with décor ranging from Oriental to American Colonial. The Restoration Ball was held there last week to help raise some \$2,000,000 for the museum's renovation. Among the luminaries on hand: Florida's Democratic Governor **LeRoy Collins**, Mrs. **Ricardo C. Gonzales**, a granddaughter of Flagler.

Making his pitch in *This Week Magazine*, aging (71) onetime New Dealer **James Aloysius Farley**, now board chairman of Coca-Cola Export Corp., unoriginally proposed: "Let's Put Our ex-Presidents in the Senate." Issuing a statement to garnish Farley's article, Octogenarian **Herbert Hoover** took a wryly negative stand: "I was in favor of giving former Presidents a seat in the Senate until I passed 75 years. Since then I have less taste for sitting on hard-bottomed chairs during long addresses."

Hollywood's opulent desert rats in the nearby oasis of Palm Springs paid tribute to "The King," grey-templed Cinemactor



Associated Press

KNOWLAND & BROWN

Embraced with apolitical affection.

Clark Gable, on his 50th birthday. Before the big party, Gable and handsome Fifth Wife Kay took a spin in her present to him, a well-upholstered electric golf cart.

Flashing the old indomitable smile that is rarely seen in the papers these days, former Senate Republican Leader **William F. Knowland** showed up at an apolitical love feast in Los Angeles, was embraced by none other than California's Democratic Governor **Edmund G. ("Pat") Brown**, who landed over Knowland in the state's 1958 gubernatorial race. White House Hopeful Brown was there to pass out awards on behalf of the California Newspaper Publishers Association. He handed Bill Knowland, now the editorial panjandrum of the Knowland family-owned *Oakland Tribune* (circ. 208,198), the first-place plaque in the competition among dailies of over 100,000 circulation for the best coverage of women's interests.

Into the slightly tarnished Casino of Monte Carlo one evening shuffled Sir **Winston Churchill**, a sometime gambler spending a quiet vacation (on doctors' orders) in Monaco. At Sir Winston's side was Shipping Tycoon **Aristotle Socrates Onassis**, owner of 42% of the Casino's stock. Churchill bought a modest stack of light blue (\$1) chips. After two hours devoted to the impassive scrutiny of a spinning roulette wheel and the cards in another game called *trente et quarante*, the two departed. Churchill was an estimated \$35 richer, Onassis \$15 poorer. Two afternoons later Sir Winston was back, this time wagering \$20 and \$20 chips at the games. It went well for him. Without a trace of a smile, he picked up about \$300 in winnings and went his way.

Recipients of two National Institute of Arts and Letters gold medals, to be awarded in May: ailing Watercolorist

Charles E. Burchfield, 66; *The New Yorker's* distinguished Talk-of-the-Town-er **E. B. (for Elwyn Brooks) White**, 60.

Ill lay: sultry Actress **Françoise Nuyens**, 20, title-roler in Broadway's long-running *The World of Suzie Wong*, suffering in London from general jitters and a throat infection that forced her to abandon the lead in the movie version of *Suzie*; Jack-of-All-Arts **Noel Coward**, 59, abed with phlebitis (inflammation of veins) in Les Avants, Switzerland; General of the Army **Douglas MacArthur**, 80, showing "gradual improvement" in a Manhattan hospital after being downed by a prostate gland infection (see MEDICINE); Mississippi's segregating Democratic Senator **James O. Eastland**, 55, laid up in Maryland's Bethesda Naval Hospital with a stubborn case of influenza; West Germany's Minister of the Economy **Ludwig Erhard**, who celebrated his 63rd birthday getting congratulated in bed while recovering from pneumonia contracted on his recent trip to Cairo.

One of New York City's most eminent senior citizens, Vienna-born Violinist **Fritz Kreisler**, proudly made his way to city hall, where on his 85th birthday he got a civic scroll for "distinguished and exceptional service" from Mayor Robert F. Wagner. Aside from composing such popular tunes as *Romance* and *Caprice Viennois*, Virtuoso Kreisler also "ghost-wrote" a series of compositions that he ascribed to 17th and 18th century masters; years later he confessed that he had done so because "I found it inexpedient and tactless to repeat my name endlessly on the programs." During the city hall ceremony Kreisler, who played his first U.S. concert in 1888 and retired in 1950, turned to Wife Harriet, kissed her with the perfected affection accruing from 57 years of classically happy marriage.



Associated Press

KREISLER & WIFE

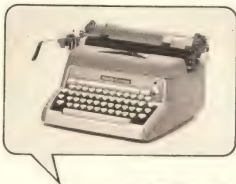
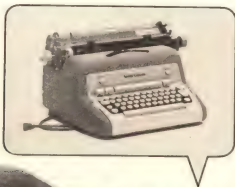
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EDUCATION

Booming California

Still a shade behind New York, fast-growing California is the second most populous state in the nation. And it is growing younger, not older: next year it expects to have 500,000 more public school children than New York. Last week California's Governor Pat Brown tackled his growth problem by submitting a 1960-61 budget of \$2.477 billion that is not only bigger (by \$442 million) than New York's, but an impressive earnest of the power of rich states to support education. If the state legislature approves, California will spend more next year for its schools, colleges and universities than any other state—\$1.045 billion, or 42% of its entire budget.

A Doctor for Amherst

"A doctor tries to educate people to live," says Calvin Hastings Plimpton, 41, assistant dean of Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons. The sentiment sounded good to Massachusetts' lively little (1,000 students) Amherst College. Last week Amherst named Alumnus ('39) Plimpton as its long-sought successor to able President Charles W. Cole, 54, who leaves this June after 14 good years to become vice president of the Rockefeller Foundation.

A polished product of a polished Massachusetts family, tall, dark, witty Physician Plimpton grew up in Plimptonville (really only a courtesy stop on the New Haven line), 18 miles out of Boston. No narrow specialist, he majored in English at Amherst (after Exeter), went on to Harvard Medical School and a World War II battle surgeon's post in Europe. Later he became chief resident at Columbia's prestigious Presbyterian Hospi-

tal, then chief of staff at Lebanon's American University Hospital during the U.S. landing in 1958.

Since he considers medicine as education, Plimpton reasons that giving up practice for pedagogy "isn't really so terribly much of a hop." The new president has another compensation: Amherst is already well-heeled (endowment: \$24 million). Cracks Plimpton: "They told me definitely that I wouldn't have to start raising money for seven days."

A Chair for Babbitt

From Harvard last week came a muffled echo of Irving Babbitt, a scholar so querulously out of tune with his time (1865-1933) that something must have been wrong with the time. The news was a new Harvard chair, the Irving Babbitt Professorship of Comparative Literature, to be occupied by one of Babbitt's last Harvard students, Critic Harry Levin, 47 (*James Joyce: A Critical Introduction*). It was an honor proposed by another former Babbitt student, Harvard President Nathan M. Pusey. Countless other students, from Poet T. S. Eliot to Pundit Walter Lippmann, would doubtless second it. For nearly 40 years such students jammed Babbitt's French literature classes, and by now his own general contempt for them is a matter that aging men may forgive dead giants. It was worth much to hear Irving Babbitt tear apart his enemies (notably Rousseau), while spewing up to 75 quotations in a single session.

Harvard's chair honors more: an anti-sentimentalist philosopher whose national fame rose and fell in a few brief years (circa 1930). In that essentially sentimental era, Babbitt's "new humanism" so riled both liberals and conservatives that nobody really listened. What Babbitt proposed, in his prickly prose (*Democracy and Leadership, On Being Creative and Other Essays*), was an end to the gathering tyranny of abstract causes. He despised any assumption that the "only significant struggle between good and evil is not in the individual but in society." The struggle, said he, lay in the will of each man to be human (just how, he found trouble prescribing).

Liberals blasted Babbitt's disdain for the class struggle, conservatives his acerbic attitude toward religious enthusiasm. Anglican Poet Eliot suggested that he was "trying to build a Catholic platform out of Protestant planks." He was a man perhaps defined only by his enemies. In the end, if he could not say himself precisely what he was trying to say, he did once quote a bit of doggerel that seemed to sum it up:

*And so I hold it is not treason
To advance a simple reason
For the sorry lack of progress we decry.
It is this: instead of working
On himself, each man is shirking
And trying to reform some other guy.*

The Bursar's Daughter

Alfred University in upstate New York is a pleasant little (1,315 students) coed school, nestling in the Allegheny foothills 70 miles south of Rochester. Its catalogue makes a special point of its philosophy: "From the time of its founding [1857], Alfred University has never allowed discrimination in any form . . . The resulting homogeneity has served to produce unusually fine social relationships." Last week Alfred's homogeneity left a bitter taste in the mouth of its



N.Y. Daily News
RUNAWAYS LEBOHNER & SUTTON
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bursar, Edward K. Lebohner. The bursar's pretty blonde daughter had run off with the school's basketball star, a Negro.

When Warren Sutton, 21, first heard of Alfred in 1957, he was co-captain of the Chester (Pa.) High School team, which ranked second in Pennsylvania. The towering (6 ft. 4 in.) son of a steelworker, shy Warren Sutton was a good student and hoped to enter Columbia University; but his college board exam score was ten points too low. Alfred's Basketball Coach Pete Smith promptly got him a scholarship. Warren broke 20 Alfred records, last year was the nation's fourth-ranking rebounder in small college play, and he stayed as shy and studious as ever. "The nicest, quietest kid in the world," said Recruiter Smith proudly.

Goodnight. All of Alfred agreed, and especially 18-year-old Dorothy Lebohner, who first began cheering Alfred's finest athlete when she was a local high school student. But Dorothy never spoke to Warren until last summer, when both were waiting on tables at summer school. Hesitantly, Warren asked her to the movies; she refused. He persisted, and finally last fall, when Dorothy became an Alfred freshman, she agreed—if an-



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other girl went along. After many Coke-and-walk dates, they kissed goodnight. "He's such a gentleman," she said. "And he knew the vast difference between us."

On Warren suddenly fell the full weight of campus gossip. Bursar Lebohner called in Warren for long talks: Coach Smith had him over for dinner. Said Smith: "Warren asked me once, 'What have I done wrong?' I couldn't advise him on that one." The pressure grew. "Dorothy and I tried to stop seeing each other," said Warren, "but it didn't work." Last December Warren finally quit school in a bitter mood: "I was railroaded out of town, almost." He went to New York City, looked for a job; Dorothy soon followed—for a week, until she ran out of money and had to go home. But she did not forget Warren: "When he was forced to leave the university, something went out of my life."

Goodbye. Last week baffled Bursar Lebohner drove his wife and daughter to New York, planned to see them off for Florida, where he hoped a long vacation would make Dorothy forget her "teenage infatuation." It was a futile hope. Dorothy slipped out of her Manhattan hotel room at 1 a.m. and met Warren in Grand Central Station. For the next 22 hours, she said, they walked, talked, ate hamburgers and saw five double-feature movies. Meanwhile, the alarmed Lebohners called the cops. They finally found the couple in a Times Square movie house (the double bill: *Time of Desire* and *Tides of Passion*), arrested Dorothy as a "wayward minor."

When newsmen buttonholed him, Bursar Lebohner said: "Education today is all about one world, and that idea has taken over. Many of her friends are amazed at our opposition to this romance. But this integration stuff has its limits. Mixed marriages don't work." Back at the police station, before being convoyed home by the Alfred police chief, Dorothy told Warren: "I want you to go home, honey, and finish your education. I'm going to finish mine. We'll have our day." Then she kissed him. Back in Chester, Warren's mother said sadly: "I feel the same way as the girl's father. I'm sending Warren money to come home—a boy needs his mother at a time like this."

Illiteracy Down

The level of schooling among U.S. adults is higher than ever, reported the U.S. census bureau last week. Half the adult population now has eleven years of schooling (12.1 years in Western states), compared with 9.3 years in 1950. Some 43% of adult Americans have also completed high school, compared with 21% in 1940. Even more striking, illiteracy has fallen to 2.2%—nearly all Americans 14 years or older can read and write.

Biggest educational spurt is among U.S. Negroes. In 1940 only 8% of nonwhite adults had completed high school; last year 20% had done so. And while 80% of nonwhites were illiterate just after the Civil War (and Negro emancipation), the figure is now sharply down to 8%.



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MUSIC

Oh! to Be 30 at Last

Rapidly emerging as the most brilliant young conductor now before U.S. audiences is the Metropolitan Opera's Kalamazoo-born Thomas Schippers, 29. At the season's first *Forza del Destino* last week, Schippers showed what he could do with an orchestra that only the week before, at the opening of *Fidelio* (TIME, Feb. 8), had sounded ragged and disorganized. "Tommy" Schippers had never conducted Verdi's *Forza* before, but he led orchestra and singers (Soprano Leonie Rysanek, Tenor Richard Tucker, both in top form) with a muscular authority that injected grand drama into every twist and turn of the tortuous plot. For Schippers, the essence of a good performance is spontaneity, and to achieve it when a performance becomes dull, he has been known to "make a deliberate mistake—like jumping a soprano" i.e., pulling the orchestra ahead of the singer, or retarding it to put her on guard.

Pickup Jobs. One day next month, tall, handsome Conductor Schippers (6 ft. 3 in., 175 lbs.) will celebrate two milestones: his 30th birthday ("at last") and the tenth anniversary of his debut as a conductor (in Gian Carlo Menotti's *The Consul*). Although he has moved farther and faster than any other U.S. conductor in the last decade, Schippers shows little of the hungry will to succeed that has always characterized that earlier *Wunderkind*, Leonard Bernstein. Nor does Schippers have Composer-Conductor-Pianist Bernstein's determination to be a Renaissance man-about-music. When he decided to become a conductor (at 20), he abandoned promising careers as a pianist and composer, and he no longer yearns for those early loves.

Born into a nonmusical family (his father is a Westinghouse distributor) of mixed German-Dutch ancestry, Schippers at eight shocked his parents, staunch members of the Bethany (Dutch) Reformed Church, by joining St. Luke's Episcopal Church in Kalamazoo—because it had a good boys' choir. Schippers managed to finish high school when he was 13, moved to Philadelphia's Curtis Institute. After graduation he got a series of pickup jobs that led to *Consul* (he caught Composer Menotti's attention while coaching singers for the show) and to the Met, which signed him as the third U.S.-born regular conductor in its 77-year history.*

Settling Down. Next year Schippers will open the Met season with a new production of Verdi's early opera *Nabucco*. On his schedule for spring and summer: recording his first album for Columbia and running Italy's international Spoleto Festival. In perhaps three years' time he admits that he would like to settle down



SCHIPPERS & SOPRANO RYSANEK
Farther and faster through spontaneity.

with an orchestra of his own, and he knows just the kind he wants: "One-third Italian musicians for their line, one-third Jewish for their sound, a sprinkling of Germans for solidity." But, adds Schippers, he must live in a city "that moves me." What cities move him? Only San Francisco, Boston and Rome.

Sunlight by Ashton

The bit of the London stage last week was a ballet born in Bordeaux on the eve of the French Revolution, *La Fille Mal Gardée* is the world's second oldest ballet (the oldest: *The Whims of Cupid* and the *Ballet Master*, which beat *La Fille* to the stage in 1786). In its present incarnation, *La Fille* not only provides the Royal Ballet with its biggest smash of the season but brilliantly demonstrates the versatility of a convivial, pink-cheeked, 53-year-old ex-R.A.F. officer—Choreographer Frederick William Mollandaine Ashton.

La Fille's plot is as wisp as a ruffled tutu: Lise, daughter of a prosperous farmer, falls in love with a strapping lad named Colas, but is opposed by her mother, who wants her to marry Alain, idiot son of a wealthy vineyard owner. Lovers outwit mother, *amor vincit omnia*, curtain. The original score was probably written by an unknown member of the Bordeaux Grand Theatre Orchestra, was later revised by Ferdinand Herold, chorus master of the Paris Opera, who included such pirated tidbits as the overture to *Barber of Seville*. As for the choreography—originally by Jean Bercher (1741-1806), known professionally as Dauberval and regarded as the father of comic ballet—Innovator Ashton was almost completely on his own. The only guide he had to the original work was the hazy memory of an oldtime (75) ballerina, Russian-born Tamara Kar-

* The others: New Orleans' Nahan Franko (off and on from 1800 to 1811), Detroit's Max Benlitz (1890-1910).



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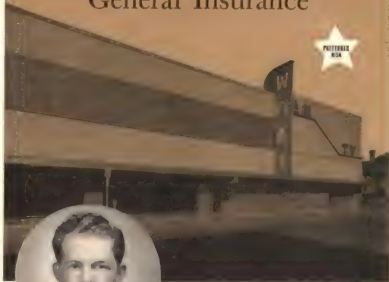
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savina, who danced the role of Lise in czarist St. Petersburg.

Ashton's new *Fille* is an unabashedly lyrical, bravura showcase for pixyish (5 ft. 4 in., 105 lbs.) Nadia Nerina (born Nadine Judd in Cape Town), long acknowledged the company's most polished virtuoso. Around the 32-year-old ballerina Ashton draped a ballet rich in invention, defiant of technical limitations, blending high jinks, low comedy and pathos. Brilliantly supported by Yorkshire-born David Blair (he managed a singlehanded portage not rivaled at Covent Garden



NERINA & BLAIR IN "La Fille"
Showcase for a pixy.

since Ulanova was toted out of Juliet's tomb). Dancer Nerina turned in a performance of superb precision, fluency and lightness. The ballet had some stunning virtuoso bits: a *pas de ruban* running like a thread through the first two scenes, in which the lovers reel each other in and out of elaborate cats' cradles of pink ribbon; a scene-setting dance by a "cock" and four rumped "hens," whose strutting absurdities are closely modeled on it; fowl Ashton observes at his Suffolk country home ("La Fille is my poor man's *Pastoral Symphony*").

For 25 years Choreographer Ashton had worked mostly with Margot Fonteyn's classical, dramatic talents in mind (she is semi-retired). In *La Fille*, noted London critics, he had done something different—"an open-air, sunlit ballet as perfect of its kind as the moonlit *Sylvia* or *Ondine* or the chandeliered *La Faise*." But the enthusiastic response did not alter Ashton's gloomy estimate of the ballet public. "I feel," said he, "that most people still think choreography is something to do with the feet—like chiropody."

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Leonardo and some Yankee craftsmen

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SHOW BUSINESS

THEATER

Report from the Road

Artistically, the 1959-60 Broadway season so far has been one of the worst in memory. While box office in general is better than ever, 18 shows have folded since September; of three openings last week (see THEATER), two were outright failures. But theatergoers hopefully looked toward the road, where a batch of late-season entries were getting ready for Manhattan. Among the more interesting:

Caligula, an early work (1944) by the late novelist-playwright Albert Camus, is a study of the fourth and weirdest of the twelve Caesars, which seeks to show that there was a kind of existentialist method in the young emperor's madness—a rebellion against the cruel limitations of the human condition. Star: Kenneth (Look Back in Anger) Haigh, with Colleen Dewhurst. The New Haven Register's Robert J. Leeney called it "brilliant, baffling, raw and rich." (Broadway opening: Feb. 16.)

The Cool World, an adaptation of Warren Miller's novel (TIME, June 15), has a cast of young Negroes re-creating adolescent gang life in Harlem. After watching a gremlin-bugged Philadelphia opening (sandwiches flew from plates, break-away bottles seemed made of high-grade steel, actors slipped and slid on the turntable set), *Inquirer* Critic Henry Murdoch called it a "disturbing play, so close to commentary on a current scene that one wishes it might also have been a more effective play." (Feb. 22.)

The Tumbler, a verse play by Benn W. Levy, is directed by Sir Laurence Olivier. Farmer Charlton Heston meets Rosemary Harris in a barn. After they make love at first sight, she learns that he is her stepfather and the possible murderer of her father. As the mystery plays out, wrote the Boston *Globe* critic, "Levy's verse-speech sometimes glows with beauty, often is shrouded in mists of obscurity . . . But his play has power." (Feb. 24.)

Toys in the Attic, by Lillian Hellman in a Tennessee Williams vein, had Boston audiences coughing and ho-humming through a talky first act, but soon caught their attention with enough incest, adultery, miscegenation and fornication to keep a three-toed sloth awake for a month. Starring Maureen Stapleton, Irene Worth and Jason Robards Jr., it is the first original play in nine years by Dramatist Hellman (*The Little Foxes*, *The Children's Hour*). Wrote the Boston Record's Elliot Norton: "She has written wisely, often wittily, and her point of view is provocative. But the basic story seemed just a little forced." (Feb. 25.)

A Thurbur Carnival is a retrospective review attempting to bring to the stage some of the humorist's funniest work. Directed by Burgess Meredith, with a cast that includes Tom Ewell, Peggy Cass, Paul Ford and Alice Ghostley, the show played St. Louis last week, midway in a



HAIGH & DEWHURST IN "CALIGULA"



PERKINS & NORTH IN "GREENWILLOW"



GARRISON & FONDA IN "GIRL"
Hope in the hustings.

six-city tryout tour. When Thurbur himself missed the St. Louis opening, his wife explained that her near-blind 65-year-old husband was in his hotel room energetically polishing and rewriting lines. Wrote cautious *Globe-Democrat* Critic Herbert L. Monk: "A Thurbur Carnival does seem to have the makings of a hit." (Feb. 26.)

There Was a Little Girl, a Joshua Logan production, stars Jane Fonda, 22-year-old daughter of Henry. In the original script, she shared a motel bed with a rapist (Sean Garrison), and four-letter words crossed the footlights like crossbow bolts. That was too much for the mothers and fathers of Boston, whose reaction was so vivid that the language was cleaned up and the motel scene changed to a bar. (Feb. 20.)

The Good Soup, by Felicien Marceau, adapted by Garson Kanin, uses one of the theater's favorite recipes, the life story of a prostitute. In her older years she is Ruth Gordon (her first Broadway appearance since *The Matchmaker*); in her younger years she is Diane Cilento. Both are onstage much of the time, the old whore passing comment on the young. Among her lovers and clients: Sam Levene, Ernest Truex. The play was favorably received in Philadelphia by two out of four reviewers. The *News*, whose regular critic was barred from the theater by Producer David ("The Abominable Showman") Merrick for being five minutes late, called it "an indigestible mixture of sex and booze, sex and gambling, sex and broken homes." (March 2.)

Greenwillow, music and lyrics by Frank Loesser, is based on B. J. Chute's novel about a family that suffers from wanderlust. Four seasons ago, Loesser converted Sidney Howard's *They Knew What They Wanted* into *The Most Happy Fella*. The present show, starring Tony Perkins in pursuit of Zeme North as described by the Philadelphia *Bulletin*'s Ernie Schier as "a collection of bits and pieces" and "unwieldy." (March 3.)

TELEVISION

Back to Books?

There was no fanfare, no fancy set—only an elderly gentleman surrounded by four of his grandchildren in the yard of their home at Pound Ridge, N.Y. It seemed strange to see such a family group gathered anywhere but before a television set. To Poet-Playwright Archibald (*J.B.*) MacLeish, 67, it was quite natural; he was reading from the works of his late fellow poet, Walter de la Mare, just as MacLeish had read poetry to his own children years ago.

Seen in only five cities (Pittsburgh, San Francisco, Boston, Baltimore, Cleveland), the debut of Westinghouse Broadcasting's *Reading Out Loud* series proved to be a small clear voice speaking strongly in answer to television's critics, who have often accused TV of destroying the art of reading. There was no script—just the poet reading, sometimes with wonderful insight, sometimes in a poem-filled singsong. The children were seen respond-



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Reply to critics: a small clear voice.

ing, sometimes with a joy of understanding, sometimes with the bored and nervous smiles of polite scorn.

In the weeks ahead, with a cast ranging from Richard (*Have Gun*) Boone reading from Bret Harte to Eleanor Roosevelt reading from Kipling's *Just So Stories*, the *Reading Out Loud* show might well achieve the unique distinction of becoming a program that measures its success by the number of viewers it turns away from video and back to books.

OFF BROADWAY

For Hip Hosts

"BENT GENUINE BEATNIKS," said the ad. "BADLY GROOMED BUT BRILLIANT (MALE AND FEMALE)." It appeared in the *Village Voice*, parochial journal of Manhattan's Greenwich Village, and it represented an occupational sideline of *Voice* Contributor Fred W. McDarragh. The U-rent-a-hipster bit began as a joke earlier this winter, but when the first ad drew more than ten replies, McDarragh began to operate for real.

McDarragh advertised beat lectures, fund-raisers, photographic models, reciting poets (fees: \$25 to \$50 per evening). While more response came, not all clients were acceptable. McDarragh turned down an interested trio of amateur photographers who wanted to improve their lens technique with beatnik girls. He had already found the sort of client he wanted when he sent beat Poet-Painter Ted Joans (*né* Jones) to Scarsdale, where 32-year-old Joyce Barken, wife of a business executive, had turned her living room into a way-out coffeehouse, filled it up with the square root of society—doctors, lawyers, engineers, brokers.

What did Joans ("My poems are American neo-Dadaism") have to say to such an audience? "I told them what the beats

are really like," he explains. "Everybody thinks the beats always smoke pot, smell horrible, and all that jazz. I take a bath every day, man. People also think beat girls like free sex. Listen, some of these chicks are so far out that's the last thing they think of. One I know says, 'Sit across the room; just being near me should be sexy enough.'"

McDarragh claims his talent pool now includes just about all the hipsters in Manhattan except the Kerouac-Corso-Ginsberg sort, who are already approaching their first million and don't need the bread. This week he is planning to supply two beats—one cat, one chick—for a birthday party given by a Madison Avenue adwoman for a fashion photographer.

SHOW TALK

Squints & Slaps

¶ Tennessee Williams' *Suddenly Last Summer* squints down into the refracted psyche of a young man who craves other young men, uses his mother and beautiful cousin as bait (*TIME*, Jan. 11). Last week a House subcommittee studying pornography and obscenity in U.S. films wanted to know how the film version of *Summer* had slipped past the Hollywood Production Code. "You can read homosexuality into it," testified Motion Picture Association President Eric Johnston, "or you can read incest, if you wish, if your mind goes along those channels. But I don't think there is anything like that in the picture." Reporters later asked him what he thought Williams had really been up to. Purred Eric: "It is a story of deep motherly affection . . . an abnormality of deep mother love."

¶ Cinematress Gina Lollobrigida's third claim to fame* is her knack for slapping lawsuits on nearly all who cross her path. Last week she filed libel suits against two Roman Catholic priests who had published an article in the Italian Catholic weekly, *Vita Nuova*, reporting that when Gina had taken her three-year-old son Milko to a screening of *Solomon and Sheba*, she had ordered her dance of the seven veils cut from the film. "Thus the actress makes millions marketing her nudity, but doesn't want her son victimized by this market," said the priests, adding that thousands of other *ragazzi* would not be so protected when the flick hits the nabes.

¶ According to Jack Paar, who all but grew a beard when he took his *Tonight* show to Havana last year, many things that have been written in the U.S. press about Castro's Cuba "simply weren't true." The U.S. has been "needing that guy from the very beginning," said Paar on the air. "and I really thought it was unfair." When Hearst Columnist Dorothy Kilgallen rapped Paar, he replied that Kilgallen had been in poor international taste in calling attention to the thickness of Mrs. Khrushchev's ankles, claimed that for his part he had kept guests on his show from "making remarks about your appearance—that you have no chin."

* First two: face, fortune.



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SKIPPER KNAPP



FROSTBITERS ON LONG ISLAND SOUND

It feels great when it's over.

The Frostbitten

To a cult of hardy sailors in the New York City area, the winter weekend is counted a happy one when the thermometer crouches in the low 20s and a breath-catching wind sweeps snow across the grey waters of Long Island Sound. This is prime sailing weather, and down to the Sound they go, heavily bundled and goggled against the cold, to race one another in frisky, flippy, 11½-foot frostbite dinghies.

Among the frostbiters are some of the greatest sailors in the U.S. Perennial winner is 53-year-old Arthur Knapp Jr., a Manhattan stockbroker who has won more ocean races than he can remember, skippered the America's Cup candidate *Weatherly* two years ago. In the dinghy next him may be George Hinman, commodore of the New York Yacht Club; Bus Mosbacher, helmsman of *Vim* and one of sailing's best young skippers; or Cornelius ("Glit") Shields Jr., whose celebrated sailor father suffered a heart attack while frostbiting at the age of 61 four years ago. Fact is, sailing a dinghy is probably even trickier than sailing a twelve-meter, and a greater test of individual skill. Instead of eleven trained men ready to leap to his command, the skipper has only himself and perhaps one small shivering boy as crew. The slightest shift of weight or twitch of the tiller can make the difference between victory and defeat.

Too Cold to Hurt. "There are lots of fancy ideas about the motivation for starting frostbiting," says Knapp. "But I say it's simple. The motivation was gin. This nonsense started in 1932, at the Knickerbocker Yacht Club in Manhattan. Somebody had imported some English pram sailing dinghies. There was a big argument, after some bathtub gin, over the merits of dinghies, and we decided to have a regatta on New Year's Day. G. Colin Ratsey won the race. He's now a partner in the sailmaking firm of Ratsey

SPORT

& Lapthorn. The first prize was a gallon can of grain alcohol for making gin."

To the roaring fire set, frostbiting would seem a study in self-torture. Capsized boats are routine, and on any wintry Sunday half a dozen sailors are dragged gasping from near 35° water, either by the crash boat or by their nearest rival, who by rule is compelled to fish them out. The salt spray often freezes, glazing the floorboards with ice, and the cold numbs the pain of injury. Knapp's index finger was badly frostbitten last year, but he cannot recall when it happened. Skipper Alex Gest noticed a pool of blood in his dinghy. "I had to take a look," he says, "to see which hand I cut."

Order of Sparta. No race has ever been canceled because of cold. Once fierce winds drove the races from the Sound to a sheltered inland pond, and there Knapp's sister was disqualified for thunking into a chicken coop. Today, the most devout followers are joined in the no-dues, no-assets Frostbite Yacht Club. The club burgee is a polar bear standing on a cake of ice, his rump raised to the wind, and after the annual regatta, awards are passed out; i.e., Upholder of the Right of the Port Tack (to the skipper with the least regard for racing rules), Order of Sparta (to the racing committee that laid out the most uncomfortable course in the worst weather), Order of the Unwashed (provisional membership for those who have stayed out of the drink for five years, full membership if they have been dry for ten).

Unlikely as it seems, frostbiting is booming. Last week dinghies put out into the chill waters from eleven different points on the Sound, scores of other spots on both coasts. "It's like hitting yourself on the head with a hammer," sums up Knapp, clasping the tiller of his dinghy *Agony*. "It feels great when you stop."

Three Steps Forward

In sport's headlong flight toward new records, new attendance figures and brave new ideas, the businessmen who pay the salaries and provide the arenas have tailed sluggishly behind. But last week three major sports could report progress toward bigger and better things.

❑ The fledgling American Football League is now solidly stocked with college stars of the past season, expects to be in full flight by this fall in New York, Los Angeles, Oakland, Denver, Houston, Buffalo, Boston and Dallas. The money is pledged, and stadiums are available. Relations are raw between the American and the established National Football League, and if open war breaks out, it will be over charges and countercharges of invasion of territorial rights, and the awkward fact that some college players have agreeably signed contracts with teams in both leagues.

❑ Baseball's Continental League has mixed blessings from the two major leagues, a full roster of cities (Atlanta, Buffalo, Dallas-Fort Worth, Denver, Houston, Minneapolis-St. Paul, New York, Toronto), and heady plans to play ball in the 1961 season. Problems: getting new players under contract (no team has any as yet); working out territorial or minor-league draft arrangements with the existing major leagues; leasing, enlarging or building new stadiums after the first wobbly years. Prospects: still iffy.

❑ Open tennis tournaments appeared a certainty as early as 1961 after the Lawn Tennis Association of Australia last week joined the other two members of tennis' Big Three (U.S. and Britain) in approving competition between amateur and professional players. Also on the docket at the International Lawn Tennis Federation general meeting this summer in Paris is a French proposal that would set up a new class of "authorized" amateurs who could be allowed unlimited expense money for playing. Chances are it will be vetoed.



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THE THEATER

New Plays on Broadway

The Deadly Game (adapted from a novel of Friedrich Duerrenmatt by James Yaffe) catches the author of the bitterly sardonic *The Visit* in a slightly more playful mood. His playfulness involves the gallows; his answer to man's love of money is to put a price on his head. This time his people play murder. A brash, coarse, well-heeled American salesman (Pat Hingle), whose car has broken down, asks a snowy night's lodging in a Swiss chalet. There he finds a retired judge (Ludwig Donath), a retired prosecutor (Max Adrian) and a retired defense lawyer (Claude Dauphin) who meet regularly to dine well and then stage trials—in a "Court of the Unconscious, where the law does not reach"—of various living or historical characters. Invited to stand trial for murder, the American, equally cocksure of his innocence and his smartness at games, accepts. Under steady grilling, he makes more and more admissions while growing more and more angry, until it becomes clear that he had coveted his boss's job and half-unconsciously brought about his boss's death.

As another of Duerrenmatt's pessimistic, Pernod-flavored judgments on mankind, *The Deadly Game* has both its moral and its theatrical merits. Few men tried at Duerrenmatt's Court of the Unconscious would escape whipping; in the unconscious of the very men who stage the trials there may lurk as much blood lust as love of law. They, with their icy, refined, half-mad sense of justice, and the American, with his coldhearted dog-eat-dog view of life, face one another with contrasted inhumanity; the space between them seems nothing less at times than all groping humanity itself. But the play has a parlor-game brittleness and bite, and at its best a thrusting theatricality. Adapter Yaffe needs half an evening of won't-you-walk-into-my-parlor? before he is ready with his parlor game; and is perhaps over-ready to have his American convict himself, to create another death of a salesman. Even with good acting, the play does not really have enough impact: Duerrenmatt's story does not quite emerge as a well-rounded play; the clever game never quite reaches the level of a serious judgment.

Roman Candle (by Sidney Sheldon), which closed at week's end, was a farce about an Army scientist pursued by a girl with extrasensory perception. The pursuit took place in back-to-back Washington apartments, with time out for launching missiles in Alaska and for unloosing endless gags about the Army, the Navy, the Air Force, horse racing, Eisenhower golf, love-making, martini-making and money.

Roman Candle is one of those mechanized gag-farces that, along with a few good gags, are full of forced plot twists and vaudeville turns, broken-down scene writing and fruitless inventions.

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THE PRESS



CORRESPONDENT RESTON & HOUSE SPEAKER SAM RAYBURN

"That's a hell of a responsibility."

Man of Influence

[See Cover]

The green phone—green to match the office walls—rang imperiously. New York City, said the long-distance operator, was calling Mr. James Reston, and in a moment Mr. Reston, Washington correspondent of the *New York Times*, was talking to Adlai Stevenson. The titular head of the Democratic Party, a longtime Reston admirer, confidant and news source, was getting ready for his South American tour, and he wanted to know if the *Times* intended to cover it. As a matter of fact, Stevenson hinted, it would be dandy if Reston himself went along. Well, no, said Reston, he could not go, but he assured his caller that the *Times* would—as it has in the last eight years—give ample coverage to Adlai Stevenson.

A short time after his talk with Stevenson, "Scotty" Reston put through a call of his own to the junior U.S. Senator from Arkansas, Democrat J. William Fulbright, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, and another Reston friend and source. This time, the Washington correspondent had an assignment for the Senator. Reston had been brooding about the problems that would face a newly elected U.S. President, "that exhausted man who stumbles across the line the first of November," with but eleven weeks before taking office in January. Wouldn't it be useful, suggested Reston, to prepare the President-elect for the ordeal of office, with 1) summaries of the studies of the presidential work load drafted by Eisenhower commissions, and 2) a précis of the unfinished business left by the departing President? And, he added in his quietly persuasive way, how statesmanlike for the junior Senator from Arkansas to propose the performance of such an unselfish service to someone in the Administration—perhaps Douglas Dillon, Under

Secretary of State. Fulbright agreed to give the idea full consideration.*

Where Is Mr. Reston? The middle-sized (5 ft. 8 in., 158 lbs.), middle-aged (50) man who gives assignments to U.S. Senators and assurances to presidential prospects is a man of such mild ways and unassuming mien that he could easily get lost in the legions of the Washington press. But he sticks out of it so far that an awe-struck fellow columnist once was moved to compare his altitude with that of the Deity. In Poland last summer, U.S. newsmen traveling with Vice President Nixon were nettled at the inquiry of their hosts: "Where is Mr. Reston?"

Mr. Reston is usually where the best story is. A crack reporter, a good writer, a thoughtful columnist, and an able administrative chief of the biggest newspaper bureau (21 staffers) in Washington, he brings to his job a sober, Calvinistic sense of responsibility. He has never had a private audience with President Eisenhower (or with any other U.S. President), but that does not mean that Presidents are unaware of him. "Who does Scotty Reston think he is," Ike once complained, "telling me how to run the country?"

"Soft & Oily." Telling

* This problem of continuity has also occurred to Presidents. In 1912 Herbert Hoover invited Franklin D. Roosevelt to briefings on policy and work in progress. Harry Truman, anxious to keep his 1948 opponent informed on foreign-policy developments, ordered a Teleprinter installed on Tom Dewey's campaign train, sent him "important messages" that came to me on the subject of international affairs." Similarly, in 1952, he invited President-elect Eisenhower to the White House for chats about the "transition period."

the President how to run the country—or, more accurately, telling the people how the country should be run—is the favorite occupation of the Washington press corps. This is a role that becomes all the more important in a presidential election year, when the press corps turns its formidable attention to the question of which candidate will run the country the way the capital correspondents would like to see it run.

This role of the press has constitutional guarantees and historical precedents. The first journalist with national impact was undoubtedly Thomas Paine, who emigrated to the Colonies from England in 1774 and found his calling: diarist of the Revolution. His pamphlets, independently published but genuine precursors of interpretive journalism, inflamed the colonists to revolt; *Common Sense* sold better than 300,000 copies, turned Tories into Whigs, and was read to troops standing at attention in the field.

Despite Paine's example, capital journalism languished until another immigrant, Scottish-born James Gordon Bennett, arrived on the Washington scene in 1827. As special correspondent for the *New York Enquirer*, he quizzed administrative leaders, exposed corruption, and went to capital balls. Because of his partisanship to Andrew Jackson, he was fed the first official "leaks." He also became the first professional newsmen to interview a President. "I went up to His Excellency," wrote Bennett after an audience with Martin Van Buren in 1830. "He held out his hand. It was soft and oily."

With Great Power. Now the halls of Government are overrun by a press corps that has been described by one of its own as "the greatest concentration of self-adoration and misplaced vanity on earth." There are more journalists (1,361) in the nation's capital than there are Congressmen. The big bureaus of the Associated Press and United Press International send upwards of 70,000 words a day out of Washington; Scotty Reston's *New York Times* bureau sends about half that much, including the official transcripts of conferences and speeches that are fodder for the U.S. newspaper with the greatest sense



LAWRENCE



George Tomlin

LIPPMANN

"Nobody ought to be paid . . .

of historical record. In this unending flow from the Potomac, the Washington press corps—filling top spots in the news columns and on the newscasts every day—wields great power over public opinion.

Among the top Washington wielders of this power, the range of style, ability and responsibility is as broad as the U.S. itself. It stretches from the gross inaccuracies of Drew Pearson, who is at once the least reliable and the best ratcatching reporter in town, to the sage, sometimes unfathomable profundities of Walter Lippmann, treating the current news as though it were already history. It includes Doris Fleeson, the self-appointed whip of the Democratic Party, who only last week accused her party of McCarthy tactics in castigating the sins of the Eisenhower Administration without offering any salvation for them.

The aging shepherd of the far-right flank, David Lawrence, commands 282 papers but speaks in such stodgy tones as to be inaudible to readers beguiled by ballistic missiles and revolutionary change. There is Joe Alsop, one of the best descriptive reporters in the business, who attacks any Administration's defense policy with shrill alarms and tends to confuse himself with the prophet Jeremiah; Roscoe Drummond, whose liberal Republican tones are so muted as to be ineffective; and the *Times's* own fusty senior statesman, Arthur Krock, 73, who in his cumbersome way can still analyze a complicated point with more sound sense than most of his colleagues.

Toning Leads. In his bestselling novel, *Advice and Consent*, former New York *Times*man Allen Drury expertly tells what a fascinating story Washington can be for these men who cover it. But Drury also paints a devastating picture of a majority of the Washington press corps (which is heavily liberal Democratic) toning its leads and its emphasis to sway opinion for the people it considers "liberal" and against those it looks upon as not liberal enough. Many of the Washington corps, including Drury's former boss, Scotty Reston, think that Drury's broad brush is unfair, but it covers enough truth to make some Washington newsmen squirm.



RESTON (LEFT, STANDING) AT EISENHOWER PRESS CONFERENCE
"Who does he think he is, telling me how to run the country?"

In the political context, Scotty Reston is not so easily classified as such doctrinaire liberals as Columnist Marquis Childs or radio-TV's Eric Sevareid. He is a liberal, and his key sources are weighted on the liberal side, including, in addition to Stevenson and Fulbright, Presidential Aspirant Hubert Humphrey and Senate Democratic Whip Mike Mansfield. But he tries earnestly, both in his thinking and his reporting, to avoid classification either by ideology or party. He was for Eisenhower in 1952 and for Stevenson in 1956, and his stories showed it. He has been on the cold side of cool toward Richard Nixon, but he may be changing that position; he once said after a session with Nixon: "He's not the way he is painted in the press." Reston's managing editor, 58-year-old Turner Catledge, says of him: "I would think he is somewhat on the liberal side, but he's still young."

Planting a Story. Whatever his position on a man or an issue, Reston's view is probably the most important in the Washington press corps. Not only politicians but other newsmen watch Reston's tone and are influenced by it. Part of this influence—as well as a large part of Reston's success with sources—can be attributed to the fact that he represents that towering institution, the New York *Times*. But part of it is unquestionably due to Reston's great ability, industry and purpose. He is driven by the firm conviction that a newsmen's duty is to dig out, expose and criticize the seeds of Government policy before they become policy—so that there may be genuine public debate. His deep, burning pur-

pose is to favorably influence the course of important public events.

The Washington correspondent of the *Times* sometimes plants his own stories. He will think through his own plan for a course of action, then ask the appropriate source about it, get the source's assurance that the plan will be considered, then write a story reporting that the matter is under consideration. With some exaggeration—but no more than enough to make the point—one of Reston's colleagues has said: "I've discovered how Scotty works. He gets up in the morning and thinks about what he is going to write that day. Next he sits down, writes it and sends it off to his paper. After that, he goes over to the appropriate Government department and explains what he has written and how he expects them to conform with that day's story."

From Ordinary Stuff. James Barrett Reston's qualifications as a newsmen are pure homespun, patiently and industriously loomed from quite ordinary stuff. Reston was born, the second child of James and Johanna Reston, in Clydebank, Scotland on Nov. 3, 1900. His father, a machinist, took the family to the U.S. in 1911, but returned to Scotland in a few months after Mrs. Reston fell ill. They settled in Alexandria, Dumfriesshire, in a "hut and ben"—two rooms in a row of brick tenements on Gray Street near the factory. The back parlor was used only on occasions such as Christmas and other holidays; otherwise the family lived in the front room. Mrs. Reston cooking over a grate, the two children, Jimmy and his elder sister (by four years) Joan, sleeping crosswise at the foot of the bed.

"There was great emphasis on religion," Reston remembers. Playing cards were not allowed in the house. On Sundays the whole family walked two miles to morning Presbyterian services in Renton, Father Reston's birthplace, repeated the



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four-mile round trip for vespers. Sunday meals were cold, having been prepared the night before so that there would be no cooking on the Sabbath. Long hours of Bible and poetry reading inspired in Jimmy's heart the ambition to be a preacher, a calling that Reston's mother stoutly—and with considerable point—insists he is following today.

In 1920 the Restons came back to the U.S. to stay. The father found work in the Delco division of the General Motors Corp. in Dayton, Ohio, and the family lodged in an industrial section of the town. There Jimmy Reston spent his youth, impressed by Mother Johanna's example of frugality ("She would walk an extra mile to a different grocery store to save 15¢"). Johanna had great ambitions for her son. "Make something of yourself," she urged. "It's no sin to be poor, but it's a sin to remain in poverty."

Saved by Prayer. To preserve her son from that sin, Mother Reston took him out of Stivers High School in his junior year and moved the family into a better neighborhood so that Jimmy could be enrolled in Oakwood High. But by then he had discovered golf and his own facility for it—he was Ohio state high school champion in 1927—and the transfer almost did not take. Never a scholar, he neglected books for the links and other pastimes, came so close to dismissal that only the indignant intercession of his mother saved him.

"Prayer and argument," as Mrs. Reston puts it, also rescued him from a post-graduate ambition to turn golf pro, and after a year of editing the Delco house organ, he entered the University of Illinois. Reston knew vaguely that he wanted to be some sort of journalist, perhaps a sportswriter; as a golfer, he had got his picture in the paper, struck up acquaintance with Dayton sportswriters and run copy for them, and this life beckoned to him. He took the journalism course.

Bull Sessions & Teas. "It was easy to distinguish Scotty from the rest of the students," says Fred Siebert, now director of the school of journalism at Michigan State University, then a young instructor in reporting at Illinois. The distinction was not grades, however. Reston barely got by with a C average, flunked philosophy in his junior year, and once got a D in his major, journalism. Says Siebert: "He was always serious and hard-working, yet with a certain flair. He didn't rush through an assignment, but rather took it easy, picking out words and meanings that gave whatever he did a special flavor."

This purpose emerged slowly. Reston joined an informal circle of students who sat up nights at intellectual bull sessions, but he rarely had much to say. Bruce Weirick, his English professor, coaxed him to come to teas at his home, where a few of Weirick's keener students ardently discussed literature and philosophy. One of Weirick's more dazzling scholars was brilliant, dark-haired Sarah Jane Fulton, daughter of a Sycamore, Ill. lawyer, president of her sorority, and an A student who made Phi Beta Kappa in her junior



The New York Times

RESTON & WIFE IN WARTIME LONDON®
No time for crockpots.

year, Sally Fulton was sure even then—as few others were—that the young man who squired her to free lectures and concerts was destined for big things. They were married in Larchmont, N.Y. in 1935. Says Reston: "I married above me."

Cox & MacPhail. After graduation (without honors) in 1932, Reston got a job (at \$10 a week) on the Springfield, Ohio *News* from its publisher, James M. Cox, onetime Democratic candidate for President (1920) and owner of a string of newspapers. Cox had known Reston as a young caddy at the Dayton Country Club, had liked him, and had seen him through a financial crisis by lending him \$100 for tuition during Reston's senior year at Illinois. Reston was lured away from the *News* by baseball's Larry MacPhail, who hired him as traveling secretary for the Cincinnati Reds, a club that in those days was a dump heap for ancient major league castoffs. Besides checking gate receipts, Reston often had the duty of dribbling the oldtimers onto the train after they had spent an evening diluting the memory of some humiliating defeat.

Wherever the Reds took him, Reston dropped in on big-city newspapers and asked for a job. In New York in 1934, he visited the Associated Press to see an old schoolmate at Stivers High, Milton Caniff, then drawing a cartoon called *Dickie Dare*. Caniff put him in touch with the head of the A.P. Feature Service, and Reston was taken on at \$175 a month. He wrote sports features and also found out a column, imitative of O.O. McIntyre, called "A New Yorker at Large."

Sportswriting was fun, but Reston, partially prompted by his bride, longed for

© In correspondents' uniforms.



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greater things. "In dull periods," he said, "sports reporting is an insufferable bore." In one dull period, he wangled his way onto the A.P.'s London bureau, where a curious combination assignment, half sports and half Foreign Office reporting, had opened up in 1937. Soon Reston, who says, "I didn't even know where Germany was on the map," was concentrating on the embassies. Reston shrewdly cultivated friendships with some of the young foreign officers, notably Lester B. ("Mike") Pearson, then first secretary in the Canadian embassy, now leader of Canada's opposition Liberal Party, and France's Jean Monnet, both of whom rose along with Reston and later became good news sources. He also caught the eye of the New York Times's London Bureau Chief Ferdinand Kuhn, who hired Reston for his staff in 1939. It was quite a coup for Scotty Reston, who had been trying to get a job on the Times for years and had always been turned away at the door.

Seek the Unhappy. Scotty Reston's first big break came in 1944 after he had moved to the Times's Washington bureau. The Allied powers were meeting at Dumbarton Oaks, in Georgetown, to think about organized world security. Employing his theory that "you should always look around for the guys who are unhappy," Reston found them among the Chinese. Their unhappiness was translated, by Reston persuasion, into a stunning gift: the entire position papers of the Allied powers attending the conference. This was a smashing scoop, and any other reporter probably would have buried the caboodle onto Page One. Instead, the canny Scot husbanded his riches, doling them out bit by bit, day by day, as the negotiations reached some point covered in his private file. The Department of State, in a mystified frenzy, falsely accused the British of leaking to Reston and protested to the Times and the FBI started investigating Reporter Reston. British Ambassador Lord Halifax, a friend of Reston's, refused to see him: "I'm not going to keep your friendship at the price of losing that of the American Secretary of State."

The array of Dumbarton Oaks exclusives elevated Reston to the top rank of Washington correspondents. Other exclusive stories followed with impressive rapidity. At the San Francisco United Nations conference in 1945, the press corps gathered for an important press conference at which the key figure was Britain's Anthony Eden. The Times expected Reston to handle the story, but he could not be found. Then a door opened, and Eden strolled in chatting confidentially with a man at his side—Scotty Reston.

Soon, by untiring effort ("He is industrious beyond belief," says Timesman Arthur Krock), Reston became the diplomatic correspondent of the Times and attracted covetous outside attention. When, in 1953, the Washington Post and Times Herald invited him to be its editorial page editor, Reston felt this one was too good to turn down. He told Arthur Krock about it; and Krock, without consulting New York, made Reston the one irresistible

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BUILDING TODAY FOR THE MARKETS OF TOMORROW

TIME, FEBRUARY 15, 1960

counteroffer: Krock's own job, as chief of the *Times* bureau. Said Krock, then 66, stepping aside: "I knew I was in a position to offer him a strong inducement to stay with the *Times* for life." Said Scotty Reston: "The man who directs the flow of news from this capital—in this revolutionary period—through this newspaper—makes a contribution to his country. That's a hell of a responsibility."

Mr. Scotty. Reston exercises that responsibility in a far different way from Arthur Krock: while Krock held only two staff conferences in the 21 years he headed the bureau, Reston calls the staff together frequently, talks to them in specific terms about their beats, exhorts them to get the story before it is announced. To

ent is also an unsalaried contributor to *Reston's Weekly*, a journal issued sporadically from 3124 Woodley Road, N.W., and sent to friends and relatives. The younger two of Reston's three sons—Richard, 22, who was graduated last month from the University of Wisconsin, Jim, 18, a freshman at the University of North Carolina, and Tommy, 13, an eighth-grader at Washington's Gordon Junior High School—have served as editors. The paper's policy is firm. Warned Editor Jim several years ago: "The editor has no time for crackpots, and will not publish political propaganda for anybody."

A Great Phone Man. Working for his other bosses at the *Times* keeps Reston busy 12 to 15 hours a day. He is usually

ly and wisely. Some of his best stories come from people who want to leak the news to the *Times*. But this is not to say that he does not dig out many a story. He uses the periphery technique, getting all the facts he can around the edges, then throwing what he knows at the main source, and bluffing out the whole story. In his last two years as Secretary of State, Dean Acheson refused to see Reston alone. When Acheson was stepping out of State, Reston asked him: "Why couldn't we get along? I could have been very useful to you." Acheson's reply: "Because you would get the combination to the safe before you were through."

John Foster Dulles did see Reston alone, to the chagrin of some other Washington correspondents. The New York *Herald Tribune's* Marguerite Higgins, who also had regular access to Dulles, recalls that when she was able to see Dulles alone, he had the disconcerting habit of saying, "As I was telling Scotty earlier this week . . ."

This kind of stature makes Scotty Reston one of the highest-paid (more than \$40,000 a year in salary, plus a \$1,000 fee for an occasional lecture) and one of the best-adjusted newsmen in Washington. "Nobody ought to be paid," he once said to a friend, "for having as much fun as we do." But the remark is misleading. If there is any fun in Reston, it comes out only in his occasional humorous pieces for the *Times*, e.g., his stories about "Uniquac," the machine that can answer any question:

Q. I take it you don't think much of human logic.

A. I haven't seen much of it lately. The President says everything's dandy, and takes another trip. Everybody knows everything's not dandy, but they say it's nice to see the President getting around like that. Dozens of committees study defense, education and housing, and issue millions of words saying we'd better pull up our socks. The President says our socks are just where they ought to be. He adds that he knows more about socks than anybody else, having worn them all his life.

The Era of Interpretation. Approaching the job of getting and interpreting the news with his Calvinistic gravity of purpose, Reston works as if the very life of the republic rested on his ability, and the ability of his fraternity, to alert the people on the issues of the day. He worries that the people are not listening as carefully as they should to interpretive reporters like Scotty Reston. "There is more good, hard, tough reporting coming out of Washington," says Reston, "than the public shows much stomach for."

Good, hard, tough reporting is what serious Scotty Reston means to keep on trying to give to the public. "The 19th century," he says, "was the era of the novelist. The 20th is the era of the journalist. A distracted people, busy with the fierce competitions of modern life, must be addressed while they are paying attention, which is usually at the moment of some great national or international event."



Noel Clark—Black Star

THE RESTONS AT HOME

The one thing that can get him away from the job.

the staff, the old correspondent was always Mr. Krock; now even the office boy calls the boss Scotty.

Reston has no compelling outside interests—except those that affect his work. "Mr. Reston," says Mr. Krock, "is not exactly what you would call a cultivated man." Reston says he has not read a novel in 20 years—but he has read practically every nonfiction work that he thought would be valuable in improving the way he does his job. This self-education has helped make Reston a reporter who can write well on almost any subject from the public appeal of Elvis Presley to the pitfalls of relating contemporary America to the decline of Rome. Says Managing Editor Catledge: "If he called me and said *Tosca* is coming to Washington and I want to cover it, I'd expect a goddam good story from him."

Like many newspapermen whose working hours are controlled more by deadlines than by their own wishes, Reston feels that he does not have enough time for his family. But the family is the one interest that can get him away from the job. The *Times's* Washington correspond-

up around 6 to collect the four papers on the front steps, the *Times*, the New York *Herald Tribune*, the *Washington Post* and the *Wall Street Journal*. These he reads with deep concentration, over a pot of coffee, making notes. At 8 he listens to the news broadcast on the radio, and just before 9 Sally drives him to work.

Arriving before most of his staff, he goes to work on the telephone, occasionally recording his conversations (with a beeper that warns his sources that their words are being transcribed). "Reston is one of the most effective telephone men I've ever seen," says Krock, and most of Washington agrees. He still works the embassies thoroughly, piling straws that may build into stories. With the diplomatic corps, he ranks well above his colleagues (says the London *Observer's* Patrick O'Donovan: "He's the most European of the [U.S.] reporters"). Gratiified governments have given him the French Legion of Honor, Norway's Order of St. Olav, Chile's Order of Merit, and the Belgian Order of Leopold.

Whatever story he is covering, Scotty Reston uses the power of the *Times* bold-

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CINEMA

The New Pictures

A Journey to the Center of the Earth [20th Century-Fox]. The year is 1880. Professor Oliver Lindenbrook (James Mason) of the University of Edinburgh watches the sun rise over an extinct volcano in Iceland. What a splendid day for an outing! Whereupon the professor brushes a speck of dust from his tweeds, adjusts his rucksack and deerstalker, stamps his stout shoes, grasps his walking stick and casually strolls off—to the center of the earth. Fortunately, he is followed by a Hollywood producer (Charles Brackett) with wit enough to smile at some of the most preposterous pseudo-scientific poppycock ever published by Jules Verne. And so what might easily have been just one more merely colossal (\$4,500,000) monster-movie comes off the reel as a grandly entertaining spoof of the boys' book as it was written before the comic strips took over—the sort of kids' picture that makes children gasp and parents grin.

As the hero forges onward and downward, square-jawed and indomitably prissy, his footsteps are dogged by the usual unmitigated cur (Thayer David), and loyally followed by four trite and true companions: a plucky youth (Pat Boone), a good-natured giant (Peter Ronson), a beautiful widow (Arlene Dahl) and a noble-souled duck named Gertrude. (The widow, of course, is present over the hero's most passionately prudish protests. "But madam, think!" he gasps. "The lack of privacy!")

The intrepid explorers scramble down

volcanic chimneys, bathe in a grotto lined with glittering quartzes, stagger through regions of miasmal fumes and luminous algae, survive an attack by giant lizards, sail on a raft across an underground sea, get wrecked in the whirlpool that spins around the planet's axis, stumble into sunken Atlantis, and finally are sucked into a volcanic vent and blown out the top of Mount Stromboli (altitude: 3,040 ft.) into the Tyrrhenian Sea.

Naturally, their clothes get somewhat rumpled in all the excitement, and after almost a year underground, the supply of hully beef in their rucksacks has run low. But everyone shows a fine, ruddy complexion—zirconburn?—and not once has anybody made an unseemly proposal to the heroine. As a matter of fact, not even the villain is very wicked. The worst thing he does on the whole trip: he eats the duck.

The sets are fun, and properly improbable. Not many of the situations in the script can be found in the book, but Scenarist Walter (Titanic) Reisch has at times improved on the master himself. Producer Brackett's dialogue has a Vernal freshness and LIFE Science Writer Lincoln (The World We Live In) Barnett, retained as a technical adviser, has shrewdly inserted his scientific facts so as not to impair the general implausibility. On the whole, the film seems sure to enhance Author Verne's reputation as the best dead writer Hollywood ever had. In the last five years three of his novels (*30,000 Leagues Under the Sea*, *Around the World in 80 Days*, *From the Earth to the Moon*) have been made into movies that, taken together, have grossed more than \$45 million.

Ikiru (Toho: Thomas J. Brandon), made in 1952 but only recently pried out of a Tokyo film vault by an enterprising U.S. distributor, has long been acclaimed by film buffs as perhaps the finest achievement of Japan's most vigorously gifted moviemaker: Akira (Rashomon) Kurosawa. The judgment is difficult to dispute. Despite heroic defects—and partly because of them—*Ikiru* ("To Live") is a masterpiece of burning social conscience and hard-eyed psychological realism: the step-by-step, lash-by-lash, nail-by-nail examination of the Calvary of a common man.

An X-ray plate fills the first frame of the film. "This X ray shows the stomach of the main character in this story," the narrator calmly announces. "Symptoms of cancer can be detected. But he is still unaware of the fact." The face of the victim (Takashi Shimura) fills the screen. He is a dull-eyed, dried-up, middle-aged bureaucrat, a worn and fading rubber stamp. He goes to the hospital, learns his fate: six months to live. He is shattered. For the first time in 30 years he misses work—one, two, three days in a row. He starts to drink. "I can't die," he mumbles to a stranger he meets in a bar. "I don't



TAKASHI SHIMURA IN "IKIRU"
To live is to love.

know what I've been living for." The stranger replies fiercely: "Greed is considered immoral, but it isn't. Man must have the greediness to live!"

The stranger takes the hero on an all-night binge: amusement parks, dance palaces, nightclubs, whorehouses. When the night is over, the hero vomits up everything he has swallowed, everything that has happened. Next morning, on the way home, he meets a healthy, natural, vital young girl. She seems like life itself to him, everything he has missed. He pleads: "I won't be able to die unless I can live like you for just one day." She replies: "I only eat and work. I just make toy [bunnies]. I feel as if all the babies in Japan are my friends now." A great light breaks on the doomed man's brain: a desperate resolve shapes in his soul. In fumbling, ecstatic phrases he says what Shakespeare's Edmund said:

*I pant for life: Some good I mean to do
Despite of mine own nature.*

The film's faults, along with its Asiatic strangeness and its painful subject, will surely scare away most U.S. moviegoers. Director Kurosawa is in such ragging and relentless earnest that he labors almost every point he makes. And the film maintains its intensity at much greater length (2 hr. 30 min.) than the average spectator can be expected to tolerate. Furthermore, Actor Shimura, though at moments transcendently right and revealing, rather too continuously resembles a Japanese Jiggs who has just been beamed by the eternal rolling pin and is about to say tweet-tweet. But the minor actors are often superb. The camera work, the cutting, the use of flashback and sound track are spectacularly apt and original. And the great strength of the picture is the total seriousness and importance of what Kurosawa has to say: to live is to love; the rest is cancer.



DAHL & MASON IN "JOURNEY"
To die is to prosper.

RELIGION

Un-International Catholics?

U.S. Roman Catholics are not sufficiently interested in the rest of the world. So says a distinguished Catholic layman. General Alfred M. Gruenther, onetime head of NATO and now president of the American National Red Cross. In Manhattan last week, he told 1,400 Catholic high school teachers: "In my experience Catholic groups have been less international-minded than groups of other religions. Interest in international problems is no longer a luxury; it is a must."

Replied New York's Cardinal Spellman pointedly: "We are aware of our brothers in other lands." But he conceded: "The children must become international-minded just as the church is universal-minded."

Moslems v. Billy

"The man with his skin peeled off," as some astonished back-country Nigerians called White Man Billy Graham, pressed on with his African crusade last week. Everywhere, he drew huge crowds and impressive numbers of "decisions for Christ." In Lagos, the Nigerian capital, Graham spoke to crowds as big as 100,000, with nearly 2,000 coming forward to make their decisions in dead silence—an awesome phenomenon in chatty, emotional Nigeria. Even Moslems turned out to hear a preacher so different from what Africa has been accustomed to. "He's an ordinary man like ourselves," said one Moslem. "He doesn't claim extraordinary powers or hold out an easy way to follow Jesus."

But many of the Moslems—nearly half the 35 million population—were far from pleased with Graham. Before Billy reached Nigeria, their leaders had proposed a meeting with him. The request was turned down by Graham's advance man on the



BILLY GRAHAM IN AFRICA
... help for the man with his skin peeled off.

ground that Billy's schedule was too tight. The reply went out: "You could learn Dr. Graham's beliefs by attending public meetings..."

To Nigerian Moslems, heady with a December election victory that kept their Moslem Prime Minister in power, this rebuff was evidence that the Graham crusade (actually planned long before) had been staged to help put the Christians in political control. Moslem pamphlets circulated during Graham meetings, presenting "Five Points to Remember: Jesus was not the Son of God, did not die on the Cross, was not resurrected, did not go to heaven, will not return."

Billy did not reply, but for a time tempers boiled in statements and counter-statements between Nigerian Christian and Nigerian Moslem. This week things quieted down as Evangelist Graham took some time off for rest and a trip to visit Dr. Albert Schweitzer in Lambaréne.

An unusual new volunteer offered her services to Graham's crusade last week. The volunteer: comely Divorcee Eleanor Searle Whitney, ex-wife of Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney, onetime choir soloist in Dover, Ohio, who became one of Billy's most faithful followers during his New York City Crusade in 1957, when she rounded up a Bible class of her Long Island friends for Evangelist Graham to address in private sessions. After a quick tiger-shoot in Nepal and a swing through Iran, Eleanor Whitney let it be known last week that she intends to join Graham, possibly to help by her musical know-how during the remaining weeks of the trip.

In Nigeria, a puzzled Billy said he knew nothing about Mrs. Whitney's joining his team, but added gallantly: "There is nothing to prevent her following the crusade as a private individual."



ELEANOR WHITNEY
After a quick tiger-shoot...

Mission to Jews

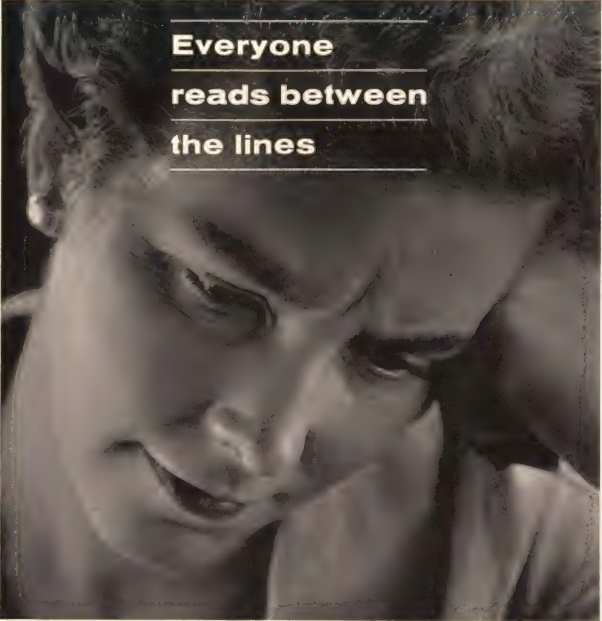
"Till the conversion of the Jews" denotes a vague and distant future.* But an important Protestant voice last week suggested that the time might be closer at hand than it seems. The voice: the Rev. Dr. H. Conrad Hoyer of Chicago, who is soon to be associate secretary of the National Council of Churches' Division of Home Missions. Dr. Hoyer was speaking in Atlantic City last week at the annual meeting of the National Lutheran Council (representing eight church bodies and more than 5,000,000 U.S. churchgoers).

Reported Hoyer: at a "theological consultation" of "the church and Judaism" held last year by delegates from Lutheran and other Protestant bodies, it was decided that the time is "right" for an intensive effort toward the "evangelization of the Jews." This, he said, is a Christian duty—as "instruments of the Holy Spirit, we must persistently evangelize." If the laborers in this vineyard are few, "this is true only because we have segregated Jewish people from the rest of the people in our mission thinking."

On a trip to Israel last summer, said Lutheran Hoyer, "we pointed out that as far as the Christian Church is concerned, we have no alternative but to bring the Gospel to the Jewish people and to all others; to neglect them or to leave them out is to discriminate against them. We were pleased to note that, when thus presented, this position was graciously accepted in every case."

* As in Andrew Marvell's (1621-78) "To His Coy Mistress":

*Had we but world enough, and time,
This cynosure, Lady, were no crime . . .
And you should if you please refuse
Till the conversion of the Jews.*



**Everyone
reads between
the lines**

Portrait of a housewife judging a product. Her critical eye is scanning a booklet the manufacturer just sent her. What does she think of this product and the company that made it? That depends on what the company has to say, and especially, *the way* in which they say it. If the facts have been presented sincerely . . . if care has been taken in the design of the booklet . . . and if it reflects quality and good taste . . . most likely this housewife will be favorably impressed by the booklet, the product, and the company. To win respect, a company must disclose respect for its readers. *Respectful printing begins with a good printer.* See him early. The chances are he will specify Warren's printing papers. He will get better results with Warren papers . . . and so will you. *S. D. Warren Company, 89 Broad St., Boston, Mass.*

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ART



REMBRANDT'S "PORTRAIT OF A MAN ON HORSEBACK"
From lady to laboratory.

How to Save Taxes

Britain's National Gallery last week announced the purchase of a huge and handsome Rembrandt for upwards of \$400,000. An equestrian portrait, 8 by 10 ft., the canvas had already been whisked off to the gallery laboratories for the tricky and controversial business of cleaning and relining, would not be shown to the public for some months. Gallery Director Sir Philip Hendy was exuberantly frank about his purchase: "Much the grandest Rembrandt we have."

Dealers speculated that if the picture's former owner, Lady Salmond (wife of R.A.F. Marshal Sir John Salmond), had offered it on the open market it would have brought well over \$1,000,000, easily topping the \$616,000 sale of Cézanne's *Boy in Red Vest* and the record \$770,000 recently paid for Rubens' *Adoration of the Magi*. But few Englishmen can afford such sums. Had the picture left the country, the government would have collected an enormous estate duty on it. Lady Salmond's private sale to the National Gallery was tax-free, and presumably more advantageous.

History As It Never Was

The most discussed picture in Manhattan cannot be seen—except in reproduction (opposite). Salvador Dali's *Christopher Columbus Discovers America*, commissioned by A. & P. Heir Huntington Hartford, was given a one-day "private" champagne showing at Manhattan's French & Co. attended by a handful of critics and a mob of snobs, then rolled up and stored away to await the opening of Hartford's "Gallery of Modern Art" on Columbus Circle two years hence.

The 14-ft.-high picture enraged many, as Dali's works usually do. But it is a major work by one of the ablest, strangest and least understood of living artists. Dali himself, with cat's eyes agleam and mustachios *en garde*, speaks of it as "a metaphysical dream." It took Dali six months to paint, and one syndicate reporter estimated that it also put \$250,000 in his pocket. The estimate seems absurdly high, perhaps triple the actual price. Says Hartford: "If a quarter of a million dollars is intended as a compliment to Mr. Dali or me, we accept."

Down in Cadaqués. To anyone familiar with the Costa Brava of northeastern Spain, the first impression the picture makes is its truth to nature. The dawn light of Cadaqués, where Dali spends six months of the year, shines through every part of the vast canvas, and the *Santa Maria* floats on a mother-of-pearl sea precisely like a Cadaqués fishing boat at dawn. Her sails, however, are inventions. The transparent topsail shows the silhouette of a combined crow's-nest and Holy Grail.

Columbus, planting on American soil the banner of the Immaculate Conception, "ees shown as a youth," Dali explains in his macaronic idiom, "because thees painting represent le dream of Columbus, and youth ees le time for dreams. Other figures are monks and sailors qui come along weeth Columbus." Modestly he adds that the monk completely hidden in his cowl is actually a self-portrait. The giant sea urchin in the foreground represents "le real shape of le earth as discovered by le American Satellite Explorer Two" (actually, Vanguard Beta). In his dream, Dali's young Columbus meets not Indians but symbols of past and future. He is

greeted by a transparent Saint Narcissus, whose body is formed partly of flies. Why? Easy, says Dali: "*Le French cavalry que attacked Gerona in 1808 was defeated by many, many flies from zee grave of Narcissus.*" Dali maintains that Columbus was born in Gerona.*

Meeting of Left & Right. Is all this surrealist? Not exactly. The surrealists startled the world in the 1930s with part sexual and part malicious images jigsawed into dreamlike arrangements. The new Dali is out not to shock but to seduce; he subordinates all symbols to pictorial splendor. And, like James Joyce in literature, he delights in demonstrating his utter mastery of varying techniques and styles. "Eet ees interesting que I have used on le left a very realistic technique," he murmurs, waving his enameled cane, "and on le right le technique of *les pointillistes*." Hidden among the dots and stripes on the right side is a head-down Crucifixion and its reflection through the banners of the Spanish provinces. A Paradisal egg of light at the top of the canvas contains, from the bottom up, Ferdinand and Isabella receiving Columbus, Saint Salvador, and the Virgin with the body of Christ. The tall banner on the left bears an exact and brilliant portrait of Dali's wife Gala.

Stylistically, the picture can only be described as an amalgam, with bugle-clear echoes of Raphael and Velázquez, muted ones of Turner, the impressionists, and such modern reproduction devices as the color dot screen. The composition is strict, static, deliberate and almost incredibly spacious, yet the lack of technical and emotional unity makes it seem cluttered and diffuse. It is as if a profoundly erudite painter had dozed off at his window in the dawn, and dreamed what no other man could imagine, a pearly vision of the impossible mingling with the possible.

* According to one historian, Lluís Ullós, Columbus was a Catalan from the province of Gerona. Dali therefore has evidence that his theory is more than an inspired pun on Genoa, the accepted birthplace of Columbus.



HARTFORD & DALI
From millionaire to metaphysician.



SALVADOR DALÍ'S "CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS DISCOVERS AMERICA"



gusher...1840!

Men once risked lives and fortunes tracking the whale for a few hundred hogsheads of oil.

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MEDICINE

Unexpected Mother

Captain Richard R. Lewis of the Los Angeles Fire Department interrupted his Sunday car wash last week to check on his wife, who had not felt well all morning. "Honey," said she. "I think I'm going to have a baby." In the spirit of what he thought was a jest, Lewis answered: "O.K., honey, you just go ahead and have one." Within 45 minutes she did.

Ellen Lewis, 32, was already the mother of three children, aged six to eleven. With each, she had gained a lot of weight, felt the babies kicking, and in her hus-



ELLEN LEWIS & SON
Just go ahead and have one.

band's words, "looked pregnant all over." Since the spring of 1959, she had gained a few pounds and developed "a small pot," but had no idea that she was pregnant. She appeared to have menstruated and had felt no quickening life. Ellen Lewis thought the weight gain and added girth (she had bought one dress a size bigger than usual) were probably due to a cyst, and had an appointment with a gynecologist.

This time, before Dick Lewis could get a physician, the unexpected mother was in the third stage of labor, in their bedroom. Lewis had never delivered a baby, but he had trained rescue squads and had often shown a childbirth film. He unwound the cord from the baby's neck, laid out mother and child (a 7-lb. 9-oz. boy) side by side, then called one of the ambulance units he had trained. An attendant cut the cord.

There was no suspicion that Ellen Lewis had tried to conceal her pregnancy, as some unmarried women (and some hysterical wives) are apt to do. Hers was one of the rare cases of genuinely unsuspected pregnancy.

Ambiguous Gland

The enemy that made General Douglas MacArthur a bedfast hospital casualty last week is as common as it is mysterious. Every man is born with a prostate gland—it is one of the clear, anatomical distinctions between the sexes. In childhood it serves no known purpose. In life's prime its role is obscure and minor; it secretes a fluid which mixes with the output of the testicles, apparently helps to increase the mobility of spermatozoa. In old age, when again it appears to be useless, the prostate is the site of ailments ranging from the trivial to cancer which may prove fatal.

More Cells. In most men, long before they reach MacArthur's age (80), the prostate has undergone some enlargement. Why this is, medical science has no clear idea. Researchers are not even agreed as to the nature of the enlargement. They used to call it hypertrophy, meaning that they thought the cells within the gland were enlarged. Now they usually call it hyperplasia, meaning an increase in the number of normal-size cells.

In some cases, enlargement is the result of infection (usually in the bladder, which rests like an upside-down flask with its neck in the upper part of the prostate). These infections cause acute urinary difficulties, which subside when the infection yields to sulfa drugs or antibiotics.

In other cases, where there is no detectable cause such as infection, the prostate may become gradually enlarged—from a little more than an inch long by 1½ in. broad to double or triple its normal size. A year may elapse before painful or difficult urination, backache, testicular pain or sexual impotence sends the victim to his doctor. At this stage, the already enlarged prostate is especially vulnerable to secondary infection. Once this infection has been cleared, surgery is the usual answer—and mandatory in the 10% to 15% of cases where cancer has developed.

Less Pressure. Operations are of several types and designed to remove varying amounts of prostate tissue. Invariably their purpose is to relieve the pressure of the swollen gland on the urethra, which passes through it, to permit easy urination. In cancerous cases the entire gland is sometimes removed. The gland's response to the sex-hormone balance is shown by the fact that many prostate cancer patients apparently live longer if they are castrated. And female sex hormones are sometimes used instead of surgical castration. But this still does not prove that the hormone changes of advancing years cause either the hyperplasia or the cancer.

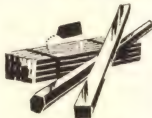
This week General MacArthur's surgeons had to wait for an infection to clear before they could operate. There was no immediate indication of cancer. But cancer of this ambiguous gland strikes 24,000 U.S. men each year, kills about 16,000, thus ranks second only to lung cancer (30,000 deaths) as the most commonly fatal cancer in males.



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BUSINESS

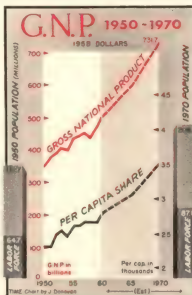
STATE OF BUSINESS

Reading the Signs

As busy as alchemists in their laboratories, U.S. economists last week gazed upon the bubbling statistics of U.S. business, tried to discern exactly what they meant. Before the Joint Congressional Economic Committee, four top economists forecast that business activity in 1960 will certainly meet—and perhaps exceed—the rosy predictions made in the President's Economic Report. George Cline Smith, chief economist of F. W. Dodge Corp., and Peter Henle, assistant research director of the A.F.L.-C.I.O., agreed that Ike's forecasts of a national output of \$510 billion in 1960 is right on the line. Martin R. Gainsburgh, chief economist of the National Industrial Conference Board, and Roy L. Reiersen, chief economist of Bankers Trust Co., took an even more sanguine view: they believe that the gross national product may well climb as high as \$520 billion in 1960.

Recession Talk. But the rosy talk of boom on top of boom also brought out some doubters. Vice President William F. Butler of the Chase Manhattan Bank told the committee that "one would look for another recession starting some time in 1961." From Professor Paul A. Samuelson of Massachusetts Institute of Technology came the warning of "a slowing down of the rate of expansion in the last half of 1960, with a downturn to follow some time in 1961." The idea of a 1961 recession, based on postwar economic cycles, is not new, but it is also based on economic probabilities that often do not turn out as expected.

One such probability was that the steel strike would be followed by a big rush of businessmen to rebuild inventories that would further squeeze credit, boost interest rates and perhaps nip the boom. But the Commerce Department announced last week that the inventory total in the fourth quarter remained about level. Though there was a December spurt in inventories, it was not as big as expected. The Commerce Department now expects



that inventories will accumulate by the end of the second quarter at an \$8 billion rather than a \$10 billion rate, thus spreading out buying and making growth more steady through 1960. This is already partly borne out by the fact that pressure on interest rates has eased. The rate on Government bills fell for the fourth week in a row to a three-month low of 4.03%.

Housing Upsurge. Spending on business plant and equipment is moving ahead at a steady rate of about 15% increase a year, said the Commerce Department. With the credit squeeze loosened, more money was becoming available not only for business but for consumer uses.

Doubt was cast on another economic probability last week. Housing experts had expected tight money to cut building this year. But the Federal Housing Administration said that requests for loan guarantees had jumped 13% in December over November. That indicated that the construction industry may travel at a much faster pace than expected in 1960.

TIME CLOCK

RECORD STEEL IMPORTS in 1959 topped U.S. steel exports for first time. Boosted by 116-day steel strike, imports rose about 150% over 1958, to 4,400,000 tons; but foreign steel purchases are dropping off in 1960 as U.S. production returns to normal. Steel exports in 1959 totaled only 1,500,000 tons, lowest since 1936.

MUTUAL FUND DIVIDENDS that were paid to shareholders in 1959 from investments rose to a record high of \$464 million, v. \$415 million in 1958. Assets of investment companies at end of 1959 totaled \$17.5 billion, up from \$14.9 billion in 1958.

ANITA O'KEEFFE YOUNG, widow of Railroadman Robert R. Young, wants to sell her Allegheny Corp. stock to Texas Millionaire Clint W. Murchison for estimated \$11 million. Sale of stock, crucial to control of Allegheny, is being temporarily blocked by suit filed by a Young relative. When and if deal is closed, Murchison is expected to ask for at least two seats on Allegheny's nine-man board, put new zip into the company.

FORD, G.M. EARNINGS for 1959 were second highest in history for both companies (highest: 1955). General Motors had sales of \$11.2 billion

The \$750 Billion Challenge

The U.S. at its present long-term 3.2% per-year rate of growth will possess the potential in manpower and technology to raise the nation's standard of living close to 25% during the next decade. So the Labor Department predicted this week in a major new study of U.S. manpower. The nation can also increase the production of goods and services at least 45% to a gross national product of \$731.7 billion (see chart) and may reach \$750 billion. But achieving a three-quarters of a trillion dollar economy by 1970, said Secretary of Labor James P. Mitchell, hinges on the nation's ability to handle the startling changes that will take place in the U.S. labor force between 1960 and 1970.

As the nation's fast population growth continues during the '60s the number of new workers will grow even faster. By 1970, the study said, the U.S. work force will have risen by nearly 20% to 87 million, the largest increase in any ten-year period in U.S. history. Between 1960 and 1970, 29 million new workers will enter the work force, but the net increase will be only 13.5 million because 15.5 million workers will die or retire.

The huge increase in the U.S. labor force is the result of the war and postwar baby boom; nearly half of the new work force will come from those under 25. By the late '60s, 3,000,000 young workers will enter the work force every year v. 2,000,000 now. Despite earlier retirement there will still be more workers over 45 and more women workers. By 1970 there will be a 25% increase in the number of women workers to about 30 million, or one in every three workers. As the work force multiplies, employment hikes of 30% or more are expected to come in construction, finance, insurance, real estate. Although farm employment will decline, farm output per worker will rise.

While the number of workers available in the next ten years will be sufficient to continue the economy's growth, the uneven distribution of workers, said Mitchell,

and earnings of \$3.06 per share v. \$2.22 in 1958. Ford sales were \$5.4 billion; profits \$8.24 per share v. \$2.12 in 1958.

CUT-RATE AIRMAIL will be carried by airlines on a non-priority basis, if CAB approves. Airlines offered to carry first-class surface mail by air for half the regular airmail rate. CAB is expected to set rates close to those offered by airlines.

RUSSIAN CARS will be sold in U.S. by Syracuse Auto Dealer Robert Castile, who plans to import some 10,000 four-cylinder, 45-h.p. Moskviches during the next two years. Price: \$1,500.

ell, "will require a major overhaul in the employment policies of many businesses." Therefore, employers will have to hire older workers and abandon policies against hiring workers because of their sex, race, religion or nationality.

Eroding Respectability

The U.S. intellectual is swinging away from his traditional friendly feeling toward labor and unions. So warned Professor George S. Odiome of the University of Michigan's Bureau of Industrial Relations last week. To labor's leadership, said he, this may mean that during the 1960s, unions will find themselves under increasing attack from their one-time friends.

"During the '30s," said Odiome, "the unions as advocates of 'more' for the underdog could attract the support of independent opinion-makers in pulpit and college classroom. This independent thinker today finds himself far less challenged by the plight of the simple workman, who is often much better paid than he is for teaching college English." The loss of support means the erosion of the "intellectual respectability" of the union movement. It is a loss that labor can ill afford, for then the "union movement becomes a grand association of experts in propaganda and in lobbying for a special interest group."

This, in fact, is what has happened. The U.S. intellectual has lost his sympathy for unions because today's rich and powerful unions have lost sympathy for the underdog. The real people in economic need today are not the union members, says Odiome, but the "farm laborer, the service employee, the lower level of white-collar worker, the retired annuitant." His conclusion: without a "reconstituted philosophy of unionism" that reaches out to include these people, the "alienation of the intellectuals will continue. Within the decade we may well expect that many of these will turn on unionism and attack the very body they once worked to support."

Union membership has dropped 500,000 in two years, reversing a 20-year trend toward union expansion, reported the Department of Labor last week. The figures: in 1956, U.S. labor unions had 17,500,000 members, v. 17 million in 1958. The reason: the unions' failure to organize the growing force of white-collar workers.

TOBACCO

End of the Tar Derby

In the last decade, sales of filter cigarettes have leaped from less than 1% to more than half of all U.S. cigarettes sold. Filters rescued the industry from a skid six years ago when the first cancer-cigarette studies were widely publicized, helped sell a record 456 billion cigarettes last year. They also touched off a heated controversy on their advertising claims of reduced tar and nicotine. Last week FTC Chairman Earl W. Kintner announced that all cigarette makers had agreed to end the

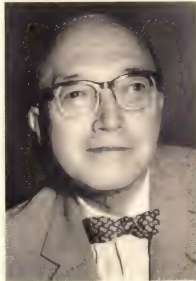


Paul Schutzen—Lisa

FTC'S KINTNER
Hushing the nicotine.

tar derby by dropping claims to filter effectiveness, taking the health pitch out of their ads.

Kintner's announcement ended a long struggle by the FTC to clarify the benefit of filters for the baffled smoker. An FTC request in 1952 for an injunction to stop health-claim tobacco advertisements was blocked when the U.S. District Court ruled that cigarettes are not a "drug." Later the FTC suggested certain guide lines to assist the companies in documenting their claims, but let them use their own testing laboratories until the commission was able to develop a standard tar-and-nicotine test. The FTC never was able to establish a standard amid the welter of laboratory tests.



Pan Asia—Block Star

OELMAN YAMASHITA
Gushing in the nick of time.

Last fall the commission decided the time had come to persuade the tobacco companies to agree to their own cease-fire. For one thing, filter pitches were losing their appeal because conflicting claims were nullifying one another. And there was the example of Winston, consistently the bestselling filter, which had never used the health puff. One of the early entrants in the low-tar derby, Kent switched its main theme to "filters best for the flavor you like."

What really brought on the new ground rules was an aggressive campaign introducing the new filter brand Life last fall, which resulted in a formal FTC complaint against Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp. for false filter advertising claims. The Life ads convinced the FTC something had to be done for the industry as a whole, and the formal complaint convinced the cigarette makers that it would be prudent to agree to end the filter derby. Said Kintner gratefully, noting that cigarette advertisers spend \$190 million a year: "It is no small feat for them to change the major emphasis of a number of brands."

BUSINESS ABROAD

The Japanese Wildcat

From 28 miles off the Saudi Arabia-Kuwait Neutral Zone in the Persian Gulf flashed word last week that the Japanese-owned Arabian Oil Co., Ltd. had brought in its first well. It came in the nick of time. The 6,000 barrels of oil that will rise daily from the ocean floor ended months of misfortune that had brought the company near bankruptcy. An eleven-day fire in its offshore platform had cost the cash-short firm \$580,000, and stockholders had refused to ante up any more capital. Now, flushed with the glow of sudden prosperity and the promise of Japanese government help, Arabian Oil President Taro Yamashita plans to sink 42 more wells in the next four years, expects to spend an additional \$167 million to supply Japan with a third of its 240-million-barrel annual petroleum requirement by 1965.

Japan's first major venture into international wildcatting was stimulated by the need for cheaper oil for its mushrooming industry. Founded in 1957 with \$9,800,000, Arabian Oil secured 44-year offshore concessions from both Saudi Arabia and the sheikdom of Kuwait. The price was steep, but oil-poor Japan had no choice. Instead of the fifty-fifty profit split then prevalent, the Japanese agreed to take only 43% of the profits from Kuwait, 44% from Saudi Arabia. They also promised to build a refinery in Saudi Arabia or in the Neutral Zone, agreed to sell 10% of production to the two nations at a discount, make available another 10% for sale to friendly Arab nations.

Oil producers throughout the Arab world heard of the Japanese strike with some dismay. New oil discoveries have already helped saturate the market, threaten to drive petroleum prices down. In spite of the glut, the search for new fields gallops along in the Mideast and North

THE CO-OP TAX DODGE

Congress Should Close the Loophole

NEXT to the oil depletion allowance, the hoariest unsettled tax argument in Washington involves the virtual immunity of giant cooperatives from income taxes. More than 10,000 co-ops gross more than \$13 billion a year, yet pay less than 6% of their profits in federal and state income taxes, compared with the 52% federal corporate tax alone. This year, in his budget message, President Eisenhower asked for new taxes for co-ops, and last week the House Ways & Means Committee started hearings on the question: How much should co-ops be taxed?

Originally, the co-ops were small, neighborhood associations set up to improve farmers' competitive position by pooling their marketing and purchasing power. When Congress in 1909 imposed the first peacetime corporate income tax of 1%, co-ops were held to be exempt as "agricultural or horticultural organizations." There were no objections, since at that time their tax advantage over other businesses was so small. Subsequently, Congress spelled it out: a co-op was totally exempt if it did half or more of its business with members and met certain other tests such as limiting dividends on capital stock to 8%. If it did not meet these requirements, it was still exempt on its regular income if it was paid out to members in cash or in shares simply allocated to them on the books. Such allocations do not bind the co-ops, which can redeem them in cash when and if they want to, even lose the money without a comeback from members. Only when a member finally gets cash is the co-op income taxable—at the personal income tax rate.

Virtually excused from taxation, the co-ops expanded enormously. The Farmers Union Grain Terminal Association of St. Paul, founded in 1938 with only \$30,000 in capital, today has a net worth of more than \$40 million, largely finances the powerful Farmers Union, which runs the propaganda machine behind the scandalous farm-subsidy program. F.U.G.T.A. pays no federal income tax. It holds 80% of its members' share of the profits until they quit farming or die. F.U.G.T.A. has not only expanded its own elevators and feed mills, but bought out privately owned, tax-paying businesses unable to compete. Since 1950, F.U.G.T.A.'s annual reports show \$29 million in profits and only \$9,000,000 distributed as cash to members, the rest plowed back into the business.

Many co-ops have spread far afield of agriculture, own oil wells, tankers, insurance companies, banks, paper

mills, lumber yards, phone companies, hospitals and even mortuaries. The Consumers Cooperative Association, a farm organization headquartered at Kansas City, owns three oil refineries, 1,000 or so oil wells, 935 miles of pipelines, three fertilizer plants, two feed mills, a steel-fabricating plant, a paint and grease factory and a packinghouse, counts assets of \$118 million. Grossing \$154 million last year, Consumers had a net of \$10.3 million. It paid only \$1,237,000 in taxes, less than one-fourth the federal tax alone that a non-co-op would have paid on the profits.

In 1951, over bitter co-op protests, Congress tried to close the co-op loophole by providing that co-op members pay personal income taxes on allocated profits even though they got no cash. But the courts ruled against this, holding that such allocations are untaxable because, being non-transferable, non-interest bearing, and payable only at the discretion of the co-op, they have no market value. To head off real tax reform, co-ops now are willing for Congress to pass a new law, forcing co-op members to pay personal income tax on allocations but keeping the organizations themselves exempt. To overcome the court objections to taxing scrip, the Treasury recommends that all exempt allocations be made in cash or in certificates that would pay a minimum of 4% interest, have a maximum maturity of three years. This would, in effect, make the scrip short-term notes, give it a value for personal income tax purposes. But many tax experts believe that this is not enough, since it would leave the co-op itself exempt from corporate tax. Thus, other proposals before Congress would subject co-op income to both corporate and personal income tax when the profits are distributed, just as the profits of corporations are taxed.

No other country grants cooperatives such tax advantages: France allows no corporate tax exemption for profits paid to members; Belgium disallows allocations; Canada and Denmark levy regular corporate taxes on a minimum of 3% to 6% of capital invested. Even on the mild Denmark plan, U.S. co-ops would pay some \$90 million to the support of the U.S. Government. To many tax experts it is high time they paid. Says former Under Secretary of the Treasury Roswell Magill: "The exemption may have been necessary in the infancy of cooperatives. Now that cooperatives have come of age, it is quite unnecessary to their continued growth and health."

Africa, because the oil companies are caught between the rising tide of Arab nationalism and the intense competition from the newest fields. The development of France's Saharan oil fields (*TIME*, Aug. 17) will cut into the European market for Mideast oil; in addition, Russia is shipping oil not only into Western Europe, but through the Bosphorus into Egypt and North Africa. For these reasons, new oil concessions are being granted all over the Middle East. Examples:

¶ In Yemen the American Overseas Investment Corp. was exploring a 10,000-sq.-mi. concession in the northwestern coastal plain. It had beaten out the Japanese and the Italians for Yemen rights.

¶ In the Persian Gulf sheikdom of Abu Dhabi, a subsidiary of British Petroleum Co. Ltd. and Compagnie Française des Pétroles brought in a well that tested out at 2,400 bbl. daily.

¶ In the remote sultanate of Muscat and Oman, Dhofar Cities Service Petroleum Corp. was punching dry holes all over the sere, cheerless wastes, but was still hopeful of hitting a gusher.

The biggest new field has been opened in Libya. Already 16 companies have invested \$175 million for 84 concessions over the country's 680,000 sq. mi. To date, 61 wells have been drilled, and 13 were producers. The two discovery wells—Zeltan One and Zeltan Two—brought in by Esso Standard (Libya) Inc. in the oil-rich Sirte district are gushing 32,500 bbl. a day between them. The company is planning construction of a 30-in. pipeline to the Mediterranean's Gulf of Sirte with an initial daily capacity of 100,000 bbl., hopes to have oil flowing through by the fall of 1961. Libyan crude is similar in quality to Mideast oil, for which European refineries are designed. Because deposits are not deep, and drilling is close to the sea, transportation to ports is easy.

The two new fields close to Europe, plus new finds such as those of the Japanese, have caused some rulers of the older oil-rich countries to wonder just how much more of a squeeze they can put on the oil producers. With the world glut, and the new fields, they are beginning to realize that it is not enough just to have oil; they must also sell it, a job that gets harder with each new discovery.

AVIATION

The Jet Race

A year ago there were only three U.S. airlines operating pure jets, and their pace-setting handful of the swift new giants invariably took off with nearly every seat filled. Today, ten U.S. carriers fly a combined fleet of 92 Boeing 707s and DC-8s, with more being rapidly delivered. Despite the increased competition and the fact that stormy January, in the words of a TWA officer, is "one month the airlines would like to forget," last month's load figures show the jets still astonishingly popular with travelers.

TWA and American Airlines, which operate competitive transcontinental routes, ran up January jelloid averages of 80-

ANNOUNCING...

Pitney-Bowes' new baby

—the 5500 postage meter mailing machine



The completely new Model 5500 is the most compact, versatile desk model postage meter mailing machine ever made. It is the result of years of research and development.

Hand operated, the 5500 stamps, seals and stacks envelopes quickly, efficiently. It prints postage for any kind of mail, in denominations from $\frac{1}{8}$ ¢ to \$1.09 $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢; and with the meter stamp will print your own small ad, too...if you want one. Provides postage for parcel post on special tape. Always has the right stamp. The 5500 makes mailing easy, fast, accurate, worth its cost in convenience alone.

The meter is light, easily removable. Set by the postoffice for as much postage as you want to buy, it protects postage from loss, damage, misuse.

Date changes are made by turning a dial. The inker is an improved new type. Quick fill water container for moistening envelope flaps, has visible water level. Eye-level window shows amount of postage to be printed. Double registers show postage on hand, postage used. And the 5500 is as good looking as it is useful.

Ask the nearest Pitney-Bowes office for a demonstration, no obligation. Or send coupon for free illustrated booklet.

With the 5500, a quick turn of the handle prints postage, seals and stacks the envelope, makes mailing fast, easy.



FREE: Handy desk or wall chart of new postal rates with parcel post map and zone finder.



PITNEY-BOWES Postage Meter

Made by the leading manufacturer of mailing machines...
offices in 122 cities. In Canada: Pitney-Bowes of
Canada, Ltd., Dept. 383, 909 Yonge Street, Toronto.

PITNEY-BOWES, Inc.
1283 Pacific St., Stamford, Conn.
Send free ☐ booklet ☐ Postal Rate Chart to:

Name

Address



**BURROUGHS ELECTRONIC ACCOUNTING MACHINES
AT UNITED AIR LINES EMPLOYEES CREDIT UNION
REDUCE TRIAL BALANCING TIME 80%**

The scene: Credit union of the first transcontinental airline to fly the new Douglas DC-8 jet Mainliner.® **The job:** payroll-deduction accounting for its 17,300 members. **The equipment:** Burroughs F-4000 Electronic Accounting Machines with Automatic Reader. **The results,** in the words of E. J. Langel, Credit Union General Manager: "Trial balancing time was reduced 80%. Instead of five extra people working three nights, our staff completes the job in 12 regular working hours. We also reduced daily posting time 40%. All this with no system change." Burroughs,™

Credit union or corporation — Burroughs Systems Counselors can provide you with result-getting equipment that ranges from electronic and electro-mechanical accounting machines to giant computers. Just call our nearby branch. Or write Burroughs Corporation, Burroughs Division, Detroit 32, Mich.



**Burroughs
Corporation**

"NEW DIMENSIONS / in electronics and data processing systems"

85% capacity, while United's relatively newer DC-8 service chalked up 75%. On Pan American World Airways' North Atlantic jet flights, now facing heavy competition from foreign jets, the load factor last month was 79% east-bound, 76% west-bound. Actually, Pan Am's jet travel was up 57% in total passengers over a year ago partly because it has upped the number of jets in service to 23. On the in-season New York-to-Florida runs, National, Northeast and Eastern jets are all running up to 90% capacity.

Though the figures show that there are still plenty of jet passengers to go around, the tone of airline advertising gets more feverish. The Miami-bound vacationer can open his newspaper and be offered by three separate airlines: 1) "Most frequent service to Florida . . . Fly the world's most advanced jet-powered airliners!" 2) "Greatest pure jet service to Miami . . . greatest jet frequency . . ." and 3) ". . . the bigger, more powerful, longer-range version of the most experienced of jets." Continental's Chicago-Los Angeles flight advertises that only its "golden jet" has a cabin crew of five, promises at mealtime that "the hostesses will slip on gold smocks, swish up and down the aisle" to serve the passengers. KLM proffers "real china at dinner." Air-India puffs its coming jet service as "the airline that treats you like a maharajah . . . Ask any potentate."

Best explanation for the hard sell: the lines are getting ready for much tougher competition with the arrival of the 148 more pure jets due for delivery to U.S. airlines and 120 to foreign lines in 1960.

CORPORATIONS

New Skipper for Chris-Craft

The nation's biggest motorboat builder, privately owned Chris-Craft Corp., has long been considered a catch by merger-minded corporations. Both Singer Manufacturing Co. and Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co. recently made offers to Chris-Craft Chairman Harsen Alfred Smith (TIME cover, May 18, 1959). This week the prize was won by NAFI Corp., (formerly National Automotive Fibres), which has diversified into oil and television. The price: \$40 to \$45 million in cash. NAFI is controlled by the Wall Street brokerage firm of Shields & Co., one of whose partners is famed Yachtsman Cornelius ("Corny") Smith Sr. (TIME cover, July 27, 1953).

For Chris-Craft the sale marks the end of a family saga that began in 1894 when Chairman Smith's grandfather installed a naphtha-gas engine in a homemade rowboat and began selling rides on the St. Clair River at Algonac, Mich. Today, from its Pompano Beach, Fla. headquarters, Chris-Craft operates nine plants that produce more than 8,000 boats a year, from 17-ft. runabouts (at \$2,335) to 66-ft. motor yachts (\$160,000). In the fiscal year ended Aug. 31, 1959, its sales totaled nearly \$40 million with earnings of \$2,500,000. Sales are running at a rate of more than \$50 million a year. Smith



James G. Thompson, of Upper Merion, Pa., shows Quaker State oil to one of his six classic cars. It is a 1930 Stutz Roadster. The immaculate Stutz in this picture is a Custom Class prize winner.

"My classic 1930 Stutz Roadster stays young with Quaker State and so does my new car!"

Whatever your car, old or new, big or compact, it needs Quaker State, the finest motor oil your money can buy! Refined from 100% Pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil for complete protection, long-lasting lubrication. Available most everywhere. Always ask for it by name.



Member Penna. Grade Crude Oil Assn.

For the name of your nearest dealer, call Western Union by number and ask for Operator 25.

QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CORPORATION, OIL CITY, PA.

GENETICS AT THE CABIN DOOR

by
Julian P. Van Winkle
President
Stitzel-Weller
(Old Fitzgerald)
Distillery
Louisville, Kentucky
Established 1849



Years ago in our section of rural Kentucky, family distinctions had a way of coming early to note.

There were sometimes two kinds of youngsters playing around a farm cabin. The "yard chile," so called, bore unmistakable resemblance to both parents, the "woods colt" to only one, and sometimes neither.

Yet both "chillun" played happily together, shared the same family name.

This implication of equal legitimacy has a new counterpart in another Kentucky progeny—the family of world-renowned Kentucky bourbons.

Of late, the same name and label is shared by the original and purestrain "Bottled-in-Bond" with its so-called "companion bottling" of lesser proof. And unless the labels so state, the same parent distillery need not have sired them both.

Today, the "yard chile" of our family-owned distillery, Old Fitzgerald, is the only remaining premium Kentucky Bourbon on the national market exclusively and solely Bottled-in-Bond.

So long as I'm around it will always be so. And this for the reason that I have never believed the simple addition of distilled water improves the flavor or quality of our kind of old-fashioned bourbon.

So also think our new-found friends in Oklahoma who recently voted themselves the privilege of free choice in their selection of the cup that best cheers.

There, I am told, our OLD FITZGERALD bearing the green Bottled-in-Bond stamp is called *Senate Bourbon*. Red stamp brands of lesser proof go by the name of *House whiskeys*.

With our "upper-chamber" friends, we welcome you to an inner circle of discriminating hosts who have come to rely on the bonded goodness of our "green label" OLD FITZGERALD, and find it good business to share, in moderation, with associates and friends.

100 Proof Kentucky Straight Bourbon
Always Bottled-in-Bond
Made in U. S. A.

will remain as chairman, along with the rest of Chris-Craft's management. Wall Street speculated that NAFI would soon change its name to Chris-Craft and be so listed on the Stock Exchange.

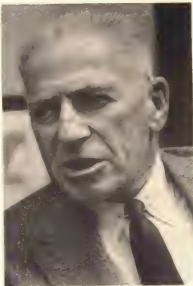
The Man Who Likes Risk

Walter E. (for nothing) Heller is a grey-thatched, cigar-puffing financier whose business is taking risks that no prudent banker would consider. As head of Chicago's Walter E. Heller & Co., the largest independent U.S. commercial finance firm, he has helped finance the birth and growth of more than 13,000 small and medium-sized businesses—about one in 23 of all U.S. manufacturing corporations. Heller not only pumps in vital funds where banks shun the risk, but freely dispenses the advice and guidance that many struggling firms need as badly as money. His aim is to make them so big and fat that they no longer need him. In the process, his own company has grown big and fat: this week it announced record earnings of \$2.74 a share, the twelfth consecutive yearly record.

12% Interest. Shrewd, autocratic Walter Heller is the leader in a fast-growing type of commercial financing that only in recent years has become completely respectable. When banks lend money to firms, they do so on the basis of assets and good credit standing, a yardstick that often rules out loans to small or struggling businesses. Heller, on the other hand, does not hurt himself about the borrower's credit, takes on firms with chronic management or financial ills as readily as sound companies that have fallen on hard times. Reason: he accepts a company's accounts receivable (i.e., money owed it) as collateral, thus putting his faith in the credit of his clients' customers. Unlike most banks, he can also administer a quick dose of ready money through factoring, i.e., buying up the firm's accounts receivable, then collecting them himself for a 3% to 2% fee.

Heller gets his own money through regular banking channels at an average interest rate of 5½%, charges 12% interest for his loans. Some bankers consider the rate outrageous, but Heller's customers rarely complain. Says a Minnesota businessman now negotiating a Heller loan: "The bank interest, when you consider everything, works out to 8% or 9%, and you have to keep a big balance in the bank, on which you get no credit or interest. For the service Heller performs, his rates are not unreasonable. And we don't have to call Mr. Heller and say 'Please, can we buy a turret lathe?'"

Jewel Robbery. Many a sickly baby has grown into a hefty corporate giant under Heller's sure guidance; the firm has given a helping hand to such companies as Continental Motors, National Airlines, Helene Curtis, Tropicana Products and United Artists. The former head of Michigan's Clinton Engine Corp. was so grateful for Heller's help that he recently took a quarter-page ad in the *Wall Street Journal* to express his thanks. "The average bank doesn't know what sym-



Dan Weiner—Feature

FINANCIER HELLER

Credit where credit was not always due.

pathy is," says Eugene T. Barwick, president of Georgia's E. T. Barwick Mills, which has grown to a \$45 million corporation in ten years. "Heller is very sympathetic to the problems of a growing company, and has experience that the average lending agency just does not have."

That experience began accumulating when Walter Heller, the son of a wealthy sausage-casing maker with plants around the world, went into the jewelry business at 22, after a year at the University of Michigan. Says Heller: "My father thought I'd lose less money there than anywhere else." Six years later, Heller got out of the business after thieves took off with \$600,000 worth (insured) of his jewels. In 1919 he set up a commercial-loan company, was astounded when a bank offered him a \$100,000 line of credit. He chalked it up to the favorable impression he had made on the bank's officers—until he learned that good old dad had secretly guaranteed the \$100,000.

"How Can We Lend?" Heller's attitude was not "Why should we lend this man money?" but "How can we lend this man money?" Tough and opinionated in sizing up a deal, Heller nonetheless pushed his company ahead by treating many a nervous corporation head as a person instead of a risk. He often turns down a borrower with a sharp "nonsense" before the businessman has even finished making his case. Yet he also starles businessmen by granting them huge loans over the telephone—and telling them to work out the details later.

Heller can do this because he has a vast knowledge about most businesses, is backstopped by a staff of experts. Four hundred strong, they breathe gently down a borrower's neck, go over his books thoroughly three or four times a year, shoot out a barrage of advice and warning that keeps companies on their toes. Through this method, Heller not only protects his

water

*comes in oceans, rivers, lakes, wells, drops,
buckets, pitchers and glasses.
it quenches thirsts, cooks food, puts out fires,
makes coffee and brushes teeth.
it spins mills, runs electro-plants,
cools motors and powers factories.
it spawns fish, sprinkles lawns, floats boats,
washes children and grows flowers.*

*it sustains and nurtures.
it bends if you give it purpose.
it reshapes itself if you give it reason.
it is needed, wanted, feared,
praised and prayed for.*

*it is at the heart of all life.
it is in the arteries of all industry.
it is as close to us as skin
but as taken for granted as sky.*

*the end of water seems unbelievable.
if it is not on the horizon, it is just over it.
if it is not within sight, it is just 'round the bend.
if it is not in the glass, it is just in the spigot.*

*... this is the grand mirage ...
the self-delusion that prevails
though the wells run low
and the streams go dry
and the water slips away.*

*we know water.
we know its ways.
we've learned its habits.
we've pulled it out of swamplands,
pushed it over mountains,
pumped it into deserts,
tunneled it through granite,
and rescued it from pollution.*

*above all else,
we know the need for it.
that is why,
for 130 years,
we've developed new uses for,
powered new factories with,
diverted the courses of
and jealously stood guard over
water.*

Fairbanks, Morse

A MAJOR INDUSTRIAL COMPONENT OF FAIRBANKS WHITNEY CORPORATION, NEW YORK

Whether you're a home-owner, farmer, municipal official, state engineer or national planner ... whether your problem is flood control, irrigation, water systems, dams or reservoirs ... whatever your concern with water may be ... we can help you.

Our pumps ... our generators and controls ... our new rotary compressors ... our drive toward better ways to de-salt ocean water ... the potential of our advance Research & Development Center in Beloit ... our lead position in the field of Hydrodynamics ... all of these equip us to serve you.

We are also the world's largest manufacturer of scales and automated weighing systems. And our great range of diesel engines, electric motors, railroad equipment, oil field equipment and chemical equipment serve industry everywhere. They are precision-made and backed by 130 years of experience and accomplishment.

Equally as important: we thrive on a tough assignment. We welcome any challenge in any or all of these fields. But—for further information on what we can do for you in the field of water, send for our brochure—"Hydrodynamics." Please write to Mr. Robert W. Kerr, President, Fairbanks, Morse & Company, Chicago, Illinois.

Some Prose About Cons

Most of our advertising runs along positive lines . . . stresses the unusual services we think we provide for investors.

Maybe we ought to take a negative slant for once and talk about the number of things we *don't* provide.

For example:

Hot tips on the market? *Fresh out, now and always.*

Ten stocks bound to go up? *Same story.*

Tip sheets with all the "inside" dope? *Don't even ask.*

Penny stock recommendations? *Special policy forbids.*

Get-rich-quick schemes, magic formulas for profits? *Try tea leaves.*

But solid facts, honest opinions, efficient executions?

All that you ask for—any time.

Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith Inc.

Members: New York Stock Exchange and all other Principal Exchanges

70 PINE STREET, NEW YORK 5, N. Y.

Offices in 112 Cities

New "all-in-one" stereophonic high fidelity radio-phonograph



THE STEREO SYMPHONY Traditional model \$299.50

Now Magnavox brings you the finest in stereophonic high fidelity listening—in one beautiful console with a fine, hand-rubbed finish. The six superb high fidelity speakers—at the sides and front of the instrument—bring you spectacular dimensional realism no matter where you sit in the room. Superb FM/AM radio. See . . . hear the Stereo Symphony at your Magnavox dealer. He's listed in the Yellow Pages.

THE MAGNAVOX COMPANY
FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

the magnificent
Magnavox
WORLD LEADER • STEREOGRAPHIC HIGH FIDELITY AND QUALITY TUNING

own money but often prevents companies from becoming overextended, accumulating too much inventory, falling into ill-advised deals. He sometimes makes bad guesses: he backed Sydney Albert's over-expanded Bellanca empire before it collapsed (*TIME*, Oct. 22, 1956), soon after was hit by two frauds totaling \$2,200,000—though both losses were cut heavily by insurance. But his default record has averaged a low one-tenth of 1%.

With a sly slap at the banks, Heller describes himself as a foe of "institutionalization," gives his men great latitude to make their own judgments. "A man can assume his own responsibility here," he says. "I never rub a man's hair in a mistake." Because the firm's response is so fast and sure, many clients who have graduated into the "bankable" class prefer to continue working with Heller.

Still trim and vigorous at 69, Heller gets to his office at 7:40 in the morning, keeps a strong personal hold on the company. He sees nothing but growth for his type of lending, figures that in a growing economy there will always be enough firms on the way up who need a firm but friendly guiding hand.

ADVERTISING

Dear Times:

Housewives are conditioned to clipping coupons with such fatuous replies as "Dear Golden Atlas Co.: Yes, I would be thrilled to improve my mind with your new atlas." Last week suburban housewives around New York City were amused by an imaginative spoof of the coupon-clipping craze spread over full-page ads in 21 suburban dailies and 17 weekly newspapers. Author of the spoof: the unsuspicious *New York Times*, which employed big type to trumpet such messages as WOMEN OF DARIEN, LOOK! Purpose of the ads: to build up suburban circulation by playing lightly on the frustrations of the suburban housewife.

The *Times* offered "nine personalized coupons to express your secret, suburban self." Prepared by Vice President John Bergin of Manhattan's Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, and illustrated by *New Yorker* Cartoonist Charles Saxon, the coupons joked about everything from Early American furniture to the late-commuting American male, appealed to the strong self-improvement drive of housewives, neatly parodied some of Mrs. Suburbia's best-known clichés. Samples: "Seldom during the day do I talk to anyone over three feet tall. This little world I live in is no place for someone over 21. Since I am over 21 (slightly), send *Times*." "People think my husband's brilliant. Nobody thinks I'm brilliant. Except me. Send *Times*." "In college I wrote an A paper debunking Spinoza. Today I write grocery lists. Maybe the *Times* will start the gears running again."

Though the ad was intended primarily as a conversation piece—along Madison Avenue as well as in the suburbs—neatly clipped coupons promptly began flowing in to the *Times*.

Another example of Addressograph-Multigraph versatility



Multigraph Methods help "tell the world" ...in less than 3 minutes

Results and news of the VIII Olympic Winter Games at Squaw Valley, California, are made available to the world's press, radio and television outlets quicker than a skier can race the men's downhill course.

Within seconds, complete data is printed on Multilith Duplicating Masters, as "output" from high-speed electronic computer equipment. Copies for distribution are then made on automated Multilith Offset Duplicators. Elapsed time: less than 3 minutes!

This is typical of the way Multigraph Methods multiply the output of all types of

modern, automated data processing equipment. And it is only one of the many ways Multigraph Methods serve business.

Multilith Masters can accept complete data—with only one writing—and reproduce this information repeatedly in whole or in part with any required additions, deletions or substitutions. No wonder Multigraph Methods meet every duplicating need of business.

Ask the nearby Multigraph office for a report on how your business can profit with Multilith Offset, or write Addressograph-Multigraph Corporation, Cleveland 17, Ohio.



New Model 2550
Automatic Sequence Control
of all duplicator functions begins the
instant a single lever is activated.

© 1960 A. M. Corporation

*Enroll Now

**Cutting costs
is our business**

Addressograph-Multigraph
PRODUCTION MACHINES FOR BUSINESS RECORDS®

SERVING SMALL BUSINESS • BIG BUSINESS • EVERY BUSINESS

TIME, FEBRUARY 15, 1960





View of the RW-400 polymorphic data processing system, developed in The Intellectronics Laboratories of TRW. Close-up of operating panel is shown at left. (Photos by Don Mannix.)

INTELLECTRONICS...

to Increase the Productivity of Business and Industry

Intellectronics—the use of electronic techniques to magnify and extend the capabilities of the unaided human intellect—lies at the heart of all modern military weapons systems. It is also one of the most important means available for increasing the productivity of American business and industry.

The latest product of TRW's \$25 million per year program of Intellectronics research and development is the RW-400 polymorphic data processing system pictured above. Truly "polymorphic" (many modes), the same set of components may at one time be connected together to constitute a single data processor of very large storage and computing capacity, and a short time later be automatically reconnected to constitute several smaller but complete and independent computers that are controlled by separate operators working on different problems.

Developed originally to deal with military information processing problems of unprecedented difficulty and diversity, the unique properties of the RW-400 qualify it also for application to an important class of non-military data processing tasks.

- ✓ TRW Intellectronics research from 1954 to 1958 produced the world's first industrial process control computer. The RW-300—through its reliable and successful automatic control of processes ranging from cement manufacture to oil refining—has given TRW unquestioned leadership in this field. Current and continuing research will produce other products including the RW-400 that will maintain and strengthen TRW's position as a national leader in the very important field of Intellectronics.

RESEARCH TODAY...NEW PRODUCTS TOMORROW



Thompson Ramo Wooldridge Inc.

MAIN OFFICES • CLEVELAND 17, OHIO • LOS ANGELES 45, CALIFORNIA

Precision mechanical products for the automotive, aircraft, missile and nuclear industries.
Electronic products for home and industry. Military electronics and space technology.

Atomic Age Cleanup

On Nov. 20, a small amount of solvent exploded and blew open the door of a processing cell at the AEC's Oak Ridge laboratory. About one-fiftieth of an ounce of plutonium was scattered into the air. Last week the AEC reported on what it took to tidy up this minor atomic mishap.

All those who were within a four-acre area around the explosion turned in their laboratory-issued clothes to be decontaminated. Their urine was checked to ensure that they had not inhaled or ingested any plutonium. The processing plant and a nearby research reactor were shut down. The buildings were washed with detergents. The buildings' roofs were resurfaced. The surrounding lawn was dug up, and the sod carted to a deep burial place. The surface was chiseled off of a hundred yards of asphalt road. To anchor any speck of plutonium that might have survived, the buildings were completely repainted.

Final cost, including re-sodding, repaving and reroofing: about \$350,000.

Plug for Tail Cone

Newest wrinkle in rocketry is the "plug nozzle" engine.

In the conventional rocket engine, fuel is burned in a roughly spherical combustion chamber, and turns into hot, high-pressure gas. To keep the gas from expanding wastefully in all directions as it leaves the nozzle, it is channeled into a tail cone where its pressure is efficiently converted into thrust as it expands (see diagram). The cone should be long enough

to reduce the pressure of the gas to that of the surrounding atmosphere. Thus rockets intended to work at very high altitudes must have extra-long tail cones.

In the plug nozzle engine, the fuel is burned in a doughnut-shaped combustion chamber. The gas escapes from a ring-shaped nozzle surrounding the base of a conical plug. Instead of expanding sideways, the gas follows the plug toward its point. In effect, its expansion takes place in a flaring chamber bounded by the plug and the atmosphere.

Unlike the conventional engine, the plug nozzle works almost equally well at sea level and at high altitude. The ring-shaped combustion chamber can be divided into many small segments, each with its own fuel supply. By adding segments, the engine can be built in very large sizes without running into the difficulties that plague the designers of single combustion chambers. Single-chamber rockets are steered by mounting their engines on gimbals so that their thrust can be switched from side to side. With plug nozzle engines, the same control can be achieved by varying the fuel supply of one or more of the combustion chambers.

General Electric, Aerojet-General, Pratt & Whitney and Rocketdyne are all working on plug nozzles. Tests have been promising, and rocket men predict that for many applications the plugs will eventually supersede the graceful tail-cone engine.

Down Under

Back from the deepest depths ever reached by man, Jacques Piccard and Lieut. Don Walsh flew into Washington last week to receive decorations from President Eisenhower, and to tell how it felt as the bathyscaph *Trieste* dropped seven miles down through the Pacific Ocean to the bottom of the Marianas Trench.

The *Trieste* passed through many thermal layers. When it came to the dense cold layers, it stopped. "We sat on them like going down steps," said Lieut. Walsh. The crew had to release some of the buoyant gasoline in its upper hull before it resumed its dark, downward voyage.

Only contact with the surface was a telephone that transmitted their voices in sonar waves to a listening device on the mother ship. Part way down, it conked out, and the *Trieste* men drifted on down, utterly isolated from outside contact. Probably the mother ship had drifted sideways and the sonar waves were not strong enough to penetrate at an angle. When the bathyscaph reached bottom, contact was re-established. From seven miles down, Walsh's voice reached the listeners, faint but clear.

Hairy Feeling. At 30,000 ft. a sharp crack rang through the ship, shaking it violently. The water pressure outside was 6,000 tons per sq. in., and even a slight fracture in the hull would have meant certain death. It would be only an outer Plexiglas windowpane which had



BATHYSCAPHERS PICCARD & WALSH
At 30,000 ft., a splintered window.

splintered under the pressure. The inner hull remained watertight. "A pretty hairy experience," admitted Walsh.

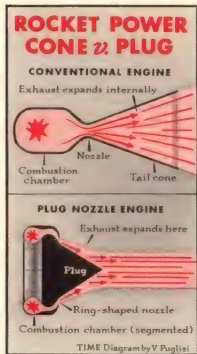
When the *Trieste* finally settled on the bottom, it raised clouds of fine white silt. Dr. Andreas B. Reznitzer, the scientist in charge of the dive, identified the "dust" as diatomaceous ooze, the silica skeletons of small sea creatures, often used as scouring powder. In effect, the *Trieste* landed in a cloud of Bab-O.

Unsafe Place. Clearly visible when the dust settled was a white flatfish about one foot long. It seemed healthy and it had eyes, although the nearest trace of sunlight was more than seven miles overhead. Swimming six feet above the bottom were a shrimp and a jellyfish, neither of them bothered by the enormous pressure on their bodies. The very fact that these creatures were living and healthy proved that the water had oxygen in it. Therefore it must circulate, because if it were stagnant in the trench, its oxygen would long since have disappeared. One immediate conclusion: ocean trenches are not safe places for dumping radioactive wastes, since their water does not stay put.

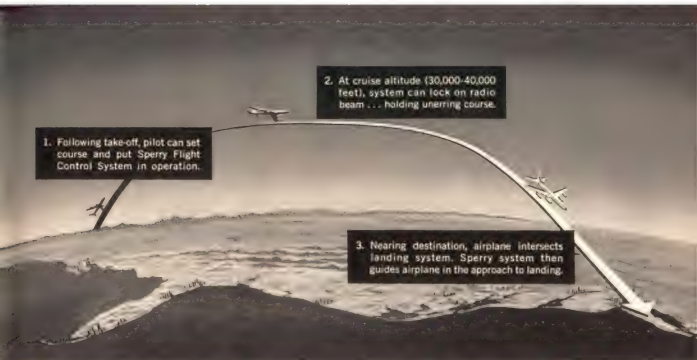
The *Trieste* stayed on the bottom for 30 minutes, but Piccard and Walsh could use its powerful lights for only short periods because the heat they generate made the water around them boil violently. In later dives the *Trieste* will carry more instruments, take more pictures, and collect water and living creatures from the depths. Says Dr. Reznitzer: "We'll go up and down like a Yo-yo."

Flavor from a Can

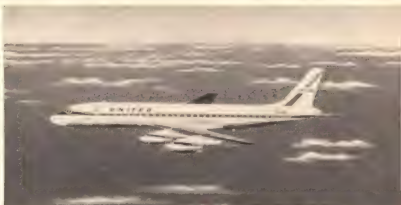
Despite the wonders of modern chemistry and four-color packaging, nobody has yet been able to make preserved food taste just as good as fresh. But this week the Evans Research & Development



TIME Diagram by V. Puglisi



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Corp. of New York demonstrated a process that can put the fresh flavor back into foods before they come to the table.

The substances that produce flavor are made by enzymes (organic catalysts) out of tasteless "flavor precursors." When food is preserved by canning, freezing or dehydration, the flavor, along with the enzymes, is apt to be destroyed. The precursors survive. But without the proper enzymes, they do not produce flavor.

Working with the Army Quartermaster Research and Engineering Command (which suffers from chronic G.I. complaints about tasteless preserved food), the Evans scientists found that waste parts of many foods (e.g., vegetable stems, meat scraps) contain flavor enzymes that can be extracted and preserved separately as a fine powder. When a pinch of these enzymes is added to the preserved food, they go to work on the flavor precursors and restore a good part of the natural fresh flavor. The trick works on many kinds of canned and frozen foods, including blueberries, string beans, broccoli and meat.

Evans has a patent on the flavor enzymes, and many ideas as to how best to use them. Immediate suggestion is to treat the food with enzymes just after processing. Further in the future is a collection of packaged flavor enzymes with which housewives can revive flavorless foods.

Polar Warming

The winter air high above the North Pole should be the coldest part of the atmosphere. But rocket soundings have shown that 50 miles above the pole, the air is warmer in winter ($-48^{\circ}\text{C}.$) than in summer ($-100^{\circ}\text{C}.$). In fact, the pole's winter air at this altitude is warmer than that over New Mexico in midsummer ($-75^{\circ}\text{C}.$). Last week Dr. Will Kellogg of Rand Corp. told a Los Angeles meeting of the American Geophysical Union that this paradoxical warmth comes from the recombination of broken oxygen molecules.

Dr. Kellogg explained that when the sun's radiation hits the atmosphere 75 miles above the earth, it breaks up many two-atom molecules of oxygen into separate atoms. The air is so thin at that level that the lonely oxygen atoms can seldom get together and reunite to form normal molecules. When the long darkness of winter creeps over the north polar region, an area of abnormally low pressure develops at 30 to 40 miles elevation. It sucks air down from above, and with the air come oxygen atoms that were brought to the pole by the circulation of the high atmosphere. The air is compressed by sinking down, the atoms get closer together, and many of them manage to combine into molecules. The process gives off heat, which Dr. Kellogg thinks is responsible for the winter warmth of the high polar atmosphere.

What effect this polar heating has on the world's weather Dr. Kellogg does not know yet. He suspects that it may be connected with the sudden "explosive warmings" that mark the breakup of winter over many parts of the earth.

GOOD

READING,

GOOD

LOOKING

OUT TODAY...

in the new issue of

Deepest dive

You read exclusively in LIFE Lt. Don Walsh's personal account of how he and Jacques Piccard made the world's deepest ocean dive—seven miles down. In this issue LIFE brings you fast color photographs of this historic exploit two weeks after the event.



Images of poetry

Verses of Robert Frost, Edna St. Vincent Millay, T. S. Eliot, and other American poets of our time provide all the captions for ten pages of sensitive photographic interpretations in color of their lines. These were made by Gordon Parks, LIFE photographer.



Home Run Howard

"When he puts his 245 pounds into a swing there is a puff of smoke and flash of blue flame," writes LIFE Sports Editor Marshall Smith about Frank Howard, the Dodger's sensational rookie. He has a 650-ft. home run to his credit in the minors.



Love on the loose

Master of intrigue Eric Ambler writes his impressions of the notorious Finch trial in what is a typical LIFE wrap-up of a big news story. You'll see a special drawing of the murder scene and eye-popping pictures made inside and outside the courtroom.



LIFE

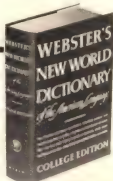
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Born. To Diana Dors, 28, bosomy blonde British cinemactress, and Second Husband Dickie Dawson, British comedian; their first child, a son; in London. Name: Mark Richard. Weight: 7 lbs.

Married. Farrell Faubus, 26, Arkansas Governor Orval Faubus' only child, a junior at the University of Arkansas; and Martha Jo Culwell, 19, a sophomore at the same school; in Huntsville, Ark. Best man: Orval Faubus.

Married. Lindsay Crosby, 22, youngest of Bing's four boys; and Barbara Fredrickson, 22, Las Vegas show girl; in Los Angeles.

Died. Zora Neale Hurston, 57, Florida-born Negro author who explored the world of Negro folklore and magic in remote parts of the South and the West Indies, celebrated the big trials and small triumphs of the Southern Negro in a series of novels (*Jonah's Gourd Vine*, *Seraph on the Suwanee*) without succumbing to bitterness; in Fort Pierce, Fla.

Died. Admiral Pierre Barjot, 60, naval deputy to NATO Commander General Lauris Norstad, a longtime De Gaulle supporter and World War II Free French leader who figured in the behind-the-scenes maneuvers to compel French North Africa to enter the war on the side of the Allies, later (1956) commanded the French naval forces in the ill-starred attack on Suez; of cancer; in Paris.

Died. Felix Adler, 62, Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus clown who kept U.S. children laughing for 50 years as he waddled about with his bulbous, red-lighted nose, played the Big Bad Wolf while pigs he trained danced on their hind legs around him; after surgery; in Manhattan.

Died. Abraham ("Al") Tisch, 63, one-time clothing manufacturer who in 1946 bought the dilapidated Laurel-in-the-Pines Hotel in Lakewood, N.J., turned it into such a bustling enterprise with the help of Sons Laurence and Robert that the family went on to build up the largest chain of resort hotels (including Miami Beach's Americana, Atlantic City's Traymore) in the U.S.; in Houston.

Died. Helen Topping Miller, 75, popular, prolific novelist of the Old South (*After the Glory* and 75 others) and short-story writer; in Morristown, Tenn.

Died. Captain George E. Bridgett, 97, British-born seadog who ran away to sea at 14, retired as a tanker skipper for Standard Oil in 1928, but at the outbreak of World War II faked his age, passed his physical and won command of the Liberty Ship *Pierre S. Du Pont*, celebrated his 80th birthday under heavy bombardment at Malta; in San Francisco.



How we learned the secret of the Derby Daiquiri*

by Jerry and Anne Chase (who got the tip at El Comandante in Puerto Rico)

PUERTO RICO surprises you. In one afternoon we discovered the world's most glamorous race track and a new kind of daiquiri.

The track is El Comandante. The drink is the Derby Daiquiri. Señor Mongil, the man in the white suit above, introduced us to both.

The Derby Daiquiri is a lovely golden drink. And quite easy to make. The secret: you must use a light, light Puerto Rican rum—unlike any rum you have ever tasted.

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as the regular daiquiri. But the Derby Daiquiri finished in a dead heat. See if you agree.

Mix 1 oz. of orange juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of lime juice, a scant teaspoon of sugar, $1\frac{1}{2}$ ozs. of light Puerto Rican rum in a blender with 1 cup of crushed ice. Blend 10 seconds. Serve icy, in liquid state. (If you don't have a blender, use shaker and ice cubes.)

P.S. For a free booklet of exciting Puerto Rican rum recipes, write Rums of Puerto Rico, Dept. G-7, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.



*Official drink of the 1959-1960 Florida Derby, at Gulfstream Park. Recipe by Marlene Rodriguez, Fort Lauderdale.



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BOOKS

Landscape of the Mind

ONE YEAR'S READING FOR FUN (166 pp.)—Bernard Berenson—Knopf (\$5).

The late Bernard Berenson knelt World War II a "manquake" and calmly retired to his book-lined storm cellar—the 50,000-volume library he had amassed at his famed Tuscan villa, *I Tatti*, near Florence. This took a certain amount of fatalism in wartime Italy. Nazi Germany's ally, since Berenson was born a Jew (he was converted to Roman Catholicism), and his only safety lay in a promise from Mussolini's son-in-law, Foreign Minister Count Galeazzo Ciano, that he would not be molested. The master pundit of Renaissance art, his ailing wife Mary (who died in 1945), and his secretary-companion, read singly or aloud to one another in a kind of gentle latter-day counterpart of the plague-quarantined knights and ladies of Boccaccio.

One Year's Reading contains the jottings that "B.B." then 77, made at the end of every long day over a twelve-month span. It depicts a landscape of the mind rather like that of B.B.'s villa. There is an interior fire of intellectual curiosity; there are well-kept gardens of esthetic hedonism and horizontal vistas of man's culture and fate. Fully as attractive as the book's observations is the afterimage it leaves of the civilized use of enforced leisure, the serene play of the mind amid 20th century bustle and terror.

Six Languages. *Reading for Fun* is an archly deceptive title. B.B.'s idea of literary fun was both rarefied and formidable. It ranged over more than half a dozen languages (German, French, Italian, English, Greek, Hebrew, Latin) and considerably more centuries. There was no pattern to his year's reading, but B.B. had a mind in which even fragments became touchstones of his aristocratic, rational, classicist temper. Sample reflections:

¶ "I have always instinctively dreaded mysticism (although fascinated by it) as endangering the light of reason—a poor light, nearly always smoking, and often stinking, but yet all we have to let us go forward a few feet in a century."

¶ "Ahab [of *Moby Dick*] is only a rebel, not a Prometheus but rather like many a hero of early German sagas . . . capable of bursting asunder out of rage, and of playing the Samson unprovoked."

¶ "The German [scholar] insists, like so many children with their toys and first watches, on smashing the subject he is treating to see how it works."

¶ "The overworked, driven person or class is seldom creative, while leisure, even wasteful leisure, may end creatively."

¶ "Goethe owed much to his not being afraid of uttering commonplace, and of being prolix and even dull . . . Is ponderosity, then, something that impresses and inspires respect even when we carry away from it boredom and confusion?"

¶ "Athens too had its folks who had gram-

ophones beside them, or jazz, or bridge to keep talk away. But in our time the dread of conversation has invaded classes higher than in Athens."

¶ "To me it seems puerile to regard anything as ugly except in the sense that it is lifeless."

Nothing in *Reading for Fun* is lifeless, though some of Berenson's entries are highly esoteric, and his scorn of modern literature very nearly amounts to a total eclipse of what was around him. He thought the works of T. S. Eliot, Joyce, Gertrude Stein, Faulkner and Heming-



David Seymour—Magnum
READER BERENSON
Escape into a fairer world.

way largely rubbish. But even Aladdin had only one lamp, and Bernard Berenson had furnished his insights too long over the magnificence of Renaissance Italy to find the modern age other than trifling and tawdry. At book's end he seems to step back into a *quattrocento* painting like a visitor returning to "a fairer world, where lovely people were taking part in a gracious ceremony, while beyond them stretched harmonious distances line on line to the horizon's edge."

Corruption by Bankroll

THE FINAL BALL (255 pp.)—Gerd Gaiser—Pantheon (\$3.95).

There is a new monster at large in Germany today and its name is prosperity. That is the view of Gerd Gaiser, South German novelist, World War II flyer and sometime schoolmaster. His countrymen's real religion is materialism, he feels, and their real measure of success is possession. In this book, Novelist Gaiser tries to show that in such a society, good people can only be hurt, while the greedy are

blissfully unaware of their own ugliness. Says one well-to-do mother to her well-padded daughter: "Ditta, one shouldn't breathe a word. But our Lord has let us win the war after all."

The industrial town of Neu-Spohl has dug out of its wartime ruins and is booming. It is ugly, and the reddish dust from a nearby factory settles over everything. But there is plenty of money, and keeping up with the Schmidts has become a fulltime job. The crassness of the parents rubs off on the kids; already the teenagers are deciding club membership by family wealth and measuring the success of a vacation by the money spent.

Standing above this seamy landscape is Soldner, a decent schoolmaster who is appalled by the grossness of pupils and parents. There are exceptions, of course, and he falls in love with a fine woman who refuses to believe that her soldier husband, missing in World War II, will not one day return. It is her daughter, one of Soldner's students, whose nightmarish experiences give the book an aura of suspense that is more effective than its theme of corruption-by-money. The bearer of horror is a mentally unbalanced youth determined to have the young girl. His pursuit gives the novel a sense of imminent disaster and a switch ending more appropriate to a mystery than a thesis novel.

Author Gaiser's story is expertly plotted and for the most part cleanly written. But he calls on characters who are dead to testify about the shortcomings of the living and forces his moral points in weighty Teutonic terms. Much of what he says about the new Germany may be true, but it could with equal truth be said about the people of any country and any time who want the things that money can buy.

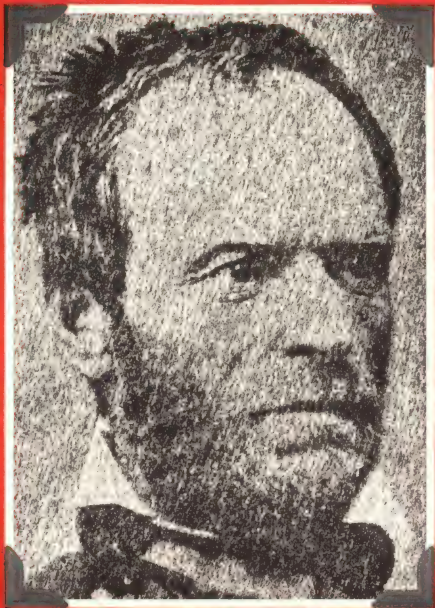
The Hells of Ivy

A HERITAGE AND ITS HISTORY (249 pp.)—Ivy Compton-Burnett—Simon & Schuster (\$3.75).

The only remedy for life is death. All truth is raw. All faith is blind. Change is inevitable, yet insufferable. Freedom of choice never includes the choice to be free. Love, marriage and the family are heaven's gifts in hell's wrappings.

Out of such paradoxes, Britain's Ivy Compton-Burnett has raised a resigned hymn to fate. Her 16 fictional comedies resemble nothing so much as tragedy. A spinster just this side of 70, Novelist Compton-Burnett is a literary cross between Grandma Moses and a Greek Fury. Her plots, characters and settings are primitive, repetitive, even ludicrous, but the insights she extracts from them are as sophisticated as sin.

Simon Challoner, the turn-of-the-century hero of *Heritage*, hopes to inherit the sprawling country manor that his father rules and his childless uncle owns. Papa obligingly dies, but seventieth Uncle Edwin refuses to follow suit. (Death is ardently willed and obsessively discussed in Compton-Burnett novels,



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Flair

NOVELIST COMPTON-BURNETT
Between Grandma Moses & Greek Fury.

usually because it is the survivors' only means to get hold of the estate.) Instead, Uncle Edwin marries a thirtyish neighbor named Rhoda. Since age has made Uncle Edwin's conjugal privileges meaningless, the marriage is a big surprise but, hereditarily speaking, no calamity. In a moment of passion (passion is always momentary in Compton-Burnett), Simon makes it a calamity by adulterously siring a son with Rhoda. Uncle Edwin names the infant Hamish, swears Simon to secrecy, and raises the child to inherit the legacy of the ironically bypassed real father.

Over the years, as Uncle Edwin turns a hale 80 and a hearty 90, Simon watches his proper children being fed the crumbs of poor relations. But the worst is yet to be. As a symbol of that horror which she sees at the core of things, Novelist Compton-Burnett reverts, as she always has, to the crime that afflicted the Greek tragedians—incest. The day comes when Simon's daughter tells him she loves Hamish, whom she does not know to be her half brother.

Novelist Compton-Burnett reaps her harvest in a one-crop economy: dialogue. In cumulative context, it gradually convicts the reader—and all men—of the vanity that masks motives and the self-love that salves conscience. Despite her melodramatic devices, Author Compton-Burnett is rooted in the long and highly realistic English fictional tradition of asking where the money comes from and who gets it. The question she asks that is not English, but universal, is what life is and how one gets through the labyrinthine hell of it.

Like her plots, Ivy Compton-Burnett's flat in London's solidly middle-class Kensington section has resisted change for nearly 40 years. The wispy author, who wears her hair in a halo, pitter-patters about in a set of high-ceilinged rooms

in which the light seems to have died long ago. The drawing room is her workshop and, since she does not know how to handle what she calls with distaste "a typing machine," she writes in long-hand at a heavily scrolled oak desk, flanked by the ornate and the austere. Gilt chairs and pedestals topped with alabaster vases rest on bare, creaky floor boards while heavy gilt mirrors stare at the half-empty room.

Dressed in black from head to toe, sipping dry sherry and thinly warmed by two small electric heaters, Author Compton-Burnett speaks with dry severity of her books, classing them as "between novels and plays." None have been staged, though six have been adapted for radio. She writes in dialogue because "it just came naturally—I think in conversation." But she will not tolerate "frivolous" topics, as, for instance, the date of her birth ("Such matters are gossip").

Early sorrow, in the death of her mother and two brothers while she was in her 20s, shadowed Compton-Burnett's life and doubtless her fiction. A lonely woman, especially since the death of her companion, Journalist Margaret Jourdain, in 1951, she is no recluse. She is a theater-goer and relishes the Angry Young Men. Modern art, on the other hand, baffles her: "Recently I went to an exhibition of sculpture and saw what I thought was a swordfish. But I was told it was a family going out for a walk." Actually, this is a rather apt description of an Ivy Compton-Burnett novel, except that the family would be a shark.

Oh, Not to Be in England

THE CENTER OF THE GREEN (231 pp.)
—John Bowen—McDowell, Obolensky (\$3.50).

If novelists could kill a country, England would be a dead duck. Her young men write well, but they seem to be engaged in a running competition to see which one of them can make life in the homeland seem the most disagreeable. Certainly England has seldom seemed more tired and futile than it does in *The Center of the Green*, a novel edged with style and talent but filled with characters who inhabit separate islands of despair.

The leading islander is Colonel Baker, retired and gardening his life away in a country cottage. His bossy wife, who is aware of him only as an irritation, is faithful to her housework and TV, but her real occupation is being a worry-her about her sons—and there is plenty to worry about.

Charles works for a trade paper, and he could serve as a model for the hopeless, lonely English young men who have lost even the energy to be angry. He lives in a seedy flat, eats in grubby restaurants, walks himself into exhaustion, and desperately kills time in movie houses. Compared to Brother Julian, though, Charlie's not 'arf bad. Julian, married and an advertising writer, is a compulsive, indiscriminate lecher without being really lustful. At the moment he is in real trouble.

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BOOMERANG . . . The recordist dad of a teenage belle with telephone fever decided to let her hear one of her own protracted conversations. He hid a mike, recorded the chatter and played it for her, convinced that he had a sure cure. Result? The tape reminded her of a couple of other things she wanted to say, so she called her friend back! (Naturally, the tape that kept the teenager talking was "SCOTCH" BRAND.)

FEATURED LISTENING EVENT SORRY, WRONG NUMBER

The Award Winning Radio Classic
Presented on Suspense

CBS Radio Network . . . Sunday, Feb. 14,
6:30 P.M. EST

JIGGERS . . . There is no cloak-and-dagger purpose for the tape recorder you'll find next to the switchboard in a large eastern city's police headquarters. One of the operators plays specially programmed music to soothe his co-workers who take complaints on the night shift. However, another recorder in the same building captures every word during lie detector tests. Later study of the tape often proves as valuable as the tests. "SCOTCH" BRAND Magnetic Tapes are honest values.

EXCLUSIVE . . . The recordist who values his equipment insists on "Scotch" BRAND tapes because they have exclusive silicone lubrication. This lasts the life of the tape, minimizes recorder head wear and assures high quality reproduction.

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MAGNETIC TAPE



MINIATURE MIXING AND MANUFACTURING COMPANY
MAKING RECORDS TO THE WAY TO GOODNESS

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having got his landlord's teen-age daughter pregnant. His wife knows, and soon all his family knows.

Before Author Bowen has completed his depressing but real picture, Charles has tried to escape existence by suicide—and failed even at that. Julian goes off for a Mediterranean holiday with his father to think things out, but simply sinks deeper into sordid sexual adventure. Back home, he unintentionally causes his father's death, an event that leaves Mother lonely but the boys untouched. The colonel was as empty of purpose as the others, but at least he had housed his purposelessness in character. All the boys can agree to do is to "go on trying then. And see what happens. Even if it doesn't do any good." This monosyllabic existentialism apparently now passes for positive thinking in English fiction; one critic wrote in all seriousness of *The Center*: "It triumphs in the end by sheer exuberance."

Fife, Drum & Battle Din

GRANT MOVES SOUTH [564 pp.]—Bruce Catton—Little, Brown (\$6.50).

Since almost everyone agrees on what happened and why, the writing of Civil War history becomes increasingly an exercise in orchestration. Authors turn out regional cantatas along the lines of Monaghan's *Civil War on the Western Border*, surging tone poems in the manner of Sandburg's *Abraham Lincoln: The War Years*, or elegiac symphonies such as Freeman's sonorous *R. E. Lee*.

This new book by Bruce Catton, a veteran composer on Civil War themes (*A Stillness at Appomattox*) represents the second movement in a grand symphonic trilogy on Ulysses S. Grant. It is scored for the gentle woodwinds of camp life and hearthside as well as for the big brasses and percussion of battle. Taking over the work begun by the late Lloyd Lewis with *Captain Sam Grant* (1930), Author Catton deals with Grant's astonishing growth in two years from hesitant commander to superb tactician.

Chomped Cigar. In appearance, Grant was usually the anti-hero. He trudged through the war chewing a cigar, wearing an old slouch hat and a short blue coat without insignia. One perceptive Union officer saw him as a man with "no nonsense, no sentiment; only a plain businessman of the republic; there for the one single purpose of getting that command across the river in the shortest time possible." Grant learned by doing, and learned slowly. Leading his regiment against the Confederates for the first time, he was beset by a "cold, unreasoned sort of panic," and would have turned back except that he "lacked the moral courage" to give the order. When he discovered that the enemy forces had abandoned their position, he learned his first lesson: "The other fellow had just as much reason to be afraid as he had."

In his first battles Grant was repeatedly taken by surprise. He was beaten at Belmont and just barely held the field at Fort Donelson and Shiloh. These near



Pictorial Parade

U. S. GRANT

Let them cross over the river.

disasters taught him a second lesson: "In every battle there may come a moment when each side is fought out and ready to quit." At that moment, victory goes to the man who attacks. His determination was always to destroy the enemy, not just to defeat him, and his terms of "unconditional surrender" have often been part of U.S. strategy since.

Apologist Needed. Historian Catton writes of Grant with passion and admiration. Yet he accepts the new evaluation of Grant's superior, General in Chief Henry Halleck, that was strongly advanced by Historian Kenneth Williams in his massive *Lincoln Finds a General*. Halleck had long been dismissed as a well-intentioned duffer, but Catton, like Williams, concedes that "on balance" he did Grant more good than harm.

Historian Catton also joins most contemporary historians in discounting the tales of Grant's alcoholism, and fiercely defends Grant for his brusque handling of the voluble politician-soldier, Major General John McClernand. The book gives credit to McClernand for his conception of the Vicksburg enterprise. Catton even concedes that McClernand had "some reason" for believing that Grant and the other West Pointers on his staff had "ganged up" to get rid of him on the eve of Vicksburg's surrender, but he argues that Grant was right.

McClernand seems sorely in need of an apologist, and with Civil War buffs continuing to write on everything from Grierson's Raid to Lincoln's opaque Treasury Secretary Salmon P. Chase, he may yet find one. As for Grant, no historian, apologist or otherwise, has equaled the capsule description by his wife Julia: "He was happy in the fight and the din of battle, but restless in the barracks. He could no more resist the sound of a fife or a drum or a chance to fire a gun than a woman can resist bonnets."



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WITH CHEMISTRY

CELANESE TO MASS-PRODUCE BLOW-MOLDED PLASTIC BOTTLES

Celanese has acquired the facilities of the Royal Manufacturing Company, a large producer of blow-molded products, and as a result has become a major factor in the production of plastic bottles and containers.

Immediate expansion is planned for plants in Illinois and Arizona. New operations will be established at Trenton, New Jersey, this year. The market potential for blow-molded containers is estimated at several billion units yearly.

Celanese has for years conducted development research on blow-molding and is a major producer of

plastics used in the process. Notable among these is "Fortiflex," a new type of polyethylene which unlike previous polyethylenes is tough, rigid and boil-proof. Blow-molding of Fortiflex-type-polyethylenes has revolutionized the packaging of detergents.

With this expansion in the container field, Celanese marks another step in its continued growth and diversification in plastics and chemicals. Behind this expansion is an active technical service organization which is ready to serve every industry.

For more information on blow-molded products, write: Celanese Corporation of America, N. Y. 16.

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TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

Our Man in Havana. Ably abetted by Alec Guinness, Director Carol Reed has turned out a screen version of Graham Greene's bestseller that starts as a wonderfully silly spoof of a spy thriller and winds up ticking the ribs with the well-sharpened stiletto of political satire.

Rosemary (German). The true-life story of Rose Nitzbitt, a shabby little prostitute who eventually became one of the highest-priced women in West Germany. Bubbly champagne farce turns into solemn social comment.

The Bridal Path. This bucolic bit of Scottish dialogue has to be heard to be misunderstood, but Bill Travers' romp through the heather is a high jink 'n' dudde.

Ivan the Terrible: Part 2—The Revolt of the Boyars. The second installment of the late Sergei Eisenstein's lugubrious but magnificent film chronicle of the reign of the Russian Czar bears little resemblance to the historical figure, is frankly (and cunningly) intended to represent Stalin.

Black Orpheus (French). An astonishing adaptation of the old legend, excitingly played by a Negro cast and impressively directed by Marcel Camus.

The 400 Blows (French). A stunning metaphorical story of a small boy's flight toward freedom and away from the uncaring, desperate world of his parents.

Ben-Hur. One of the biggest bestsellers in U.S. history turned into the most expensive (\$15 million) movie ever made.

TELEVISION

Wed., Feb. 10

United States Steel Special (NBC, 10-11 p.m.).* The first show in a series of "comic portraits of American life" tells the story of *The American Cowboy* in song, dance and skits.

Thurs., Feb. 11

Project 20 (NBC, 9-9:30 p.m.). Through old photos, prints, posters and drawings, skillfully juxtaposed, viewers are invited to Meet Mr. Lincoln. Repeat.

Fri., Feb. 12

The Bell Telephone Hour (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Actress Julie Andrews, Poet Carl Sandburg, the Metropolitan Opera's Victoria de los Angeles.

Sat., Feb. 13

World Wide 60 (NBC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). NBC closes its own missile gap with a report on *The Missile Race: Time for Decision*.

Sun., Feb. 14

Conquest (NBC, 5:50-6:30 p.m.). *The Black Chain* deals with the work of a leading medical scientist in the field of streptococcus research.

The Twentieth Century (CBS, 6:30-7 p.m.). Marine Corps Commandant David M. Shoup appears in the story of *Tarawa*, the battle in which he won the Medal of Honor. Also on the program: Kiyoichi Ohta, one of 17 Japanese who survived (from a total force of 4,500).

* All times E.S.T.

The Devil and Daniel Webster (NBC, 8-9 p.m.). Stephen Vincent Benet's familiar story, about a Yankee farmer who sells his soul to the Devil, stars David Wayne as the prince of darkness, Edward G. Robinson as Daniel Webster. Color.

Mon., Feb. 15

CBS Reports (7:30-8:30 p.m.). The events leading to the installation (next Oct. 1) of Nigeria's new independent government are covered in *The Freedom Explosion*.

The Frank Sinatra Timex Show (ABC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). Guest Eleanor Roosevelt will recite the lyrics of *High Hopes*, a number from the movie *Hole in the Head*. Also present: Lena Horne.

Tues., Feb. 16

The Garry Moore Show (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Shirley Booth, Larry Blyden.

THEATER

On Broadway

The Andersonville Trial. With overtones of Nuremberg, the play re-creates the post-Civil War trial of the Confederate officer who ran the camp for Union prisoners at Andersonville, Ga. Playwright Saul Levitt ultimately fails to search out the moral issue he raises; but the courtroom battle, theatrically charged by Director José Ferrer, makes a better-than-average evening of theater.

Five Finger Exercise. An underground fire, fed by the mutual antagonisms in a pointedly average family, finally breaks out on the surface and nearly kills a young tutor. A deft effort by British Playwright Peter Shaffer.

Fiorello! In a light and unpretentious musical, Actor Tom Bosley makes the most of his Little Flower pot, startlingly returns to New York City the effervescent personality of Mayor La Guardia.

The Miracle Worker. Superb performances by Actresses Anne Bancroft and 13-year-old Patty Duke, in a far from perfect play, make extremely moving theater of Helen Keller's early life.

BOOKS

Best Reading

The Wayward Wife. By Alberto Moravia. Sex is more a scourge than an urge in this collection of sourly skilled short stories, as the Italian author shows once again that in the man-woman relationship, it is not the differences but the distances that matter.

Brazen Chariots. by Robert Crisp. For the men of the tank corps, the baptism of fire was often a requiem. They have at last received a literary citation from a gallant South African major in the British army, who was himself wounded fighting against Rommel.

Boswell for the Defence: 1769-1774. edited by William K. Wimsatt Jr. and Frederick A. Pottle. Boszy gives a spirited account of his early, tumultuous years as husband and Edinburgh attorney. Volume VII of the Yale series.

The Last Valley. by J. B. Pick. An existential parable of men, caught in the senseless violence of the waning Thirty Years' War, who search for clues to the meaning of a gorily absurd world.

The Sage of Sex. by Arthur Calder-Marshall. A slyly barbed and engrossing biography of that eminent Victorian, Sexologist Havelock Ellis. It appears that what Ellis did not know about sex could and did fill volumes, and that only past 60 did he personally master the story.

The Good Light. by Karl Bjarnhof. Finding words for the things that are too terrible for words, this sightless author goes on with the fictionalized chronicle of his descent into blindness. A luminous sequel to its moving predecessor, *The Stars Grow Pale*.

Charley Is My Darling. by Joyce Cary. With his customary warmth and humor, the author in this early novel tells about a little devil of a slum boy evacuated to an English village during the blitz.

Where the Boys Are. by Glendon Swarthout. The annual spring invasion of Fort Lauderdale, Fla. by beer-fueled collegians becomes, in this humorous novel, a comedy of Eros.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *Hawaii*, Michener (1)*
2. *Advise and Consent*, Drury (2)
3. *The Devil's Advocate*, West (4)
4. *Dear and Glorious Physician*, Caldwell (3)
5. *Pool No More*, Ruark (6)
6. *Exodus*, Uris (9)
7. *The Darkness and the Dawn*, Costain (5)
8. *The Ugly American*, Lederer and Burdick (8)
9. *The War Lover*, Hersey (7)
10. *Fuel for the Flame*, Waugh (10)

NONFICTION

1. *Act One*, Hart (1)
2. *Folk Medicine*, Jarvis (2)
3. *May This House Be Safe from Tigers*, King (5)
4. *The Longest Day*, Ryan (4)
5. *The Armada*, Maitland (3)
6. *My Wicked, Wicked Ways*, Flynn (8)
7. *This Is My God*, Wouk (7)
8. *The Joy of Sex*, Bernstein (9)
9. *The Status Seekers*, Packard (6)
10. *The Elements of Style*, Strunk and White

* Position on last week's list.

ANSWERS TO CURRENT AFFAIRS TEST

1. b	21. a	41. a	61. c	81. a
2. c	22. d	42. i	62. c	82. b
3. d	23. c	43. b	63. a	83. d
4. e	24. f	44. f	64. d	84. a
5. d	25. d	45. e	65. e	85. e
6. d	26. d	46. d	66. b	86. d
7. c	27. d	47. c	67. d	87. a
8. c	28. c	48. b	68. a	88. d
9. c	29. e	49. a	69. d	89. d
10. a	30. a	50. g	70. a	90. h
11. c	31. b	51. b	71. b	91. j
12. b	32. a	52. c	72. c	92. a
13. b	33. c	53. c	73. a	93. b
14. b	34. c	54. b	74. b	94. c
15. b	35. b	55. d	75. a	95. e
16. b	36. a	56. b	76. a	96. d
17. c	37. d	57. c	77. d	97. c
18. b	38. d	58. c	78. c	98. i
19. c	39. b	59. g	79. b	99. h
20. b	40. a	60. b	80. a	100. f



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**For 43 blocks of downtown streets,
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CONCRETE

... the pavement built to stay put for 50 years and more!

In an all-out fight against "downtown blight", Abilene, Texas, modernized the entire business district with all new concrete streets in one giant renewal project.

Abilene shoppers and shopkeepers alike can expect a whole lifetime of enjoyment from their new, attractive concrete streets. Pavement is six inches of portland cement concrete on a 6-inch soil-cement subbase.

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Cities everywhere with urban renewal problems are going to concrete. It's the first big step in an effective modernization program.

"The 'new look' of our downtown business district is causing plenty of excitement in and around Abilene!"

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"Our bright new concrete streets and sidewalks are helping to bring shoppers back downtown. Business has really improved since the dedication ceremony."

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PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION

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CURRENT AFFAIRS TEST

This is a test to help TIME readers and their friends check their knowledge of current affairs. For most of the 100 questions there are four choices—and only one is the correct answer. Be careful: note that in many cases *all but one* of the four alternatives are true, which makes the false alternative

the correct answer to the question. Any number can play if those taking the test merely write the letters representing their answers on a sheet of paper and make no marks on those pages. The correct answers are printed on page 118—but don't peek! Anyone who can get 100% is really well informed.

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

The Nation

1. In his annual economic report, President Eisenhower reported *all but one* of the following:

- a) The 1959 gross national product was \$482 billion, a new record.
- b) The 116-day steel strike did not hurt business.
- c) By the end of the 1960s, the G.N.P. is expected to reach \$750 billion.
- d) Personal income in the U.S. in 1959 was a record \$335 billion.

2. Surveying the state of the U.S. since the first annual economic report was issued in 1946, Ike reported *all but one* of the following:

- a) Infant mortality has declined from 33.8 to 26.3 per 1,000 live births.
- b) Real income (in 1959 dollars) rose from \$1,605 per capita to \$1,891.
- c) The number of bachelor's degrees conferred by colleges declined only slightly.
- d) Americans won about half of the Nobel Prizes in medicine, chemistry and physics.

3. In his budget for fiscal 1961, the President proposed *all but one* of the following:

- a) A 10% increase in expenditures for the farm program.
- b) Nearly doubled spending in nonmilitary space activities.
- c) More new money for missiles than for manned airplanes.
- d) A 10% cut in corporate income tax.



4. In his State of the Union message, the President said the U.S. wants to do *all but one* of the following:

- a) Widen "people-to-people" exchanges with the Soviet Union.
- b) Carry on the talks seeking to solve the nuclear-test deadlock.
- c) Look for "sudden and revolutionary results."
- d) Seek further disarmament talks.

The Presidency

5. Ike is planning trips in 1960 that

will take him to several countries, including *all but one* of the following:

- a) Russia.
- b) Uruguay.
- c) Japan.
- d) China.

The Economy

6. The steel industry signed a new labor contract, with *all but one* of the following results:

- a) "Victory is yours," Steel Union Chief Dave McDonald told his union.
- b) "We took a hell of a licking," said a top steel executive.
- c) The terms are less inflationary than any for which steel settled since the end of World War II, said U.S. Steel Chairman Roger Blough.
- d) Steel prices promptly went up.

The Atom

7. Just before the Soviet-U.S. nuclear-test moratorium expired, the U.S. announced that it would:

- a) Resume testing.
- b) Test small, "clean" nuclear devices, but no big bombs.
- c) Consider itself free to resume testing at any time, but not without specific advance announcement.
- d) Continue the moratorium one year.

Foreign Relations

8. As relations between the U.S. and Cuba worsened, the U.S. did *all but one* of the following:

- a) Recalled Ambassador Philip Bonsal for consultation.
- b) Reaffirmed its friendship for the Cuban people.
- c) Sent 10,000 Marines to the Guantánamo naval base.
- d) Announced that there would be no reprisals against Cuba.

Defense

9. The Soviets fired a missile 7,762 miles into the Pacific, and this was:

- a) Not as far as the U.S. has fired the Atlas.
- b) Not as far as the U.S. has fired the Titan.
- c) Farther than the U.S. has fired any missile.
- d) Twice as far as the U.S. has fired any missile.

10. On the criterion of accuracy, the U.S. Atlas:

- a) Is as close to pinpoint perfection as the Soviet Pacific missile.
- b) Is always many miles off target.
- c) Has not been tested.
- d) Is far better than the Soviet missile.

11. Thomas S. Gates, the new U.S.

Secretary of Defense, served earlier as:

- a) Secretary of the Air Force.
- b) Secretary of the Army.
- c) Secretary of the Navy.
- d) Chairman of the J.C.S.



12. The U.S. commissioned the submarine *George Washington*, which will be able to do *all but one* of the following:

- a) Roam the seas at speeds and depths far beyond enemy search ability.
- b) Serve, when surfaced, as a landing strip for Navy fighters.
- c) Fire 16 nuclear-tipped, 1,200-mile-range Polaris missiles at 16 separate targets from below the surface within a few minutes.
- d) Operate for years without refueling.

The Congress

13. Southern members of the House are in a dilemma about blocking Negro Congressman Adam Clayton Powell from a committee chairmanship because they don't want to:

- a) Provoke national criticism.
- b) Violate the seniority principle.
- c) Provoke criticism overseas.
- d) Cause a serious rift in the party.

14. Rhode Island's Senator Theodore Green announced at 92 that he will not stand for re-election. He was first elected to the Senate when he was:

- a) 26. b) 70. c) 56. d) 80.

Politics

15. This state's primary put Arthur Vandenberg out of the Republican race for the presidency in 1940, stopped Willkie in 1944, and will be a key Democratic battleground in 1960:

- a) New Hampshire. c) Oregon.
- b) Wisconsin. d) California.

16. As Massachusetts' Senator John Kennedy moved into the 1960 Democratic primaries the acknowledged leader in the race, he said his "principal adversary" was:

- a) Hubert Humphrey.
- b) Lyndon Johnson.
- c) Richard Nixon.
- d) Adlai Stevenson.

17. *All but one* of these prospective candidates for the presidency are millionaires:

- a) Lyndon Johnson.

- b) Adlai Stevenson.
- c) Richard Nixon.
- d) John Kennedy.

Aviation

18. In an effort to promote air safety, FAA Administrator Elwood Quesada has done *all but one* of the following:

- a) Cracked down on infractions of rules by pilots.
- b) Ordered fluoroscope inspection of all passengers' luggage.
- c) Forbidden pilots to fraternize with passengers during flight.
- d) Forbidden passengers to drink liquor in flight unless it is served by a member of the crew.



Who Said That?

Below are six statements by prospective presidential candidates in 1960 and a list of six presidential possibilities. Match candidate and quote:

- a) Lyndon Johnson.
- b) John Kennedy.
- c) Hubert Humphrey.
- d) Richard Nixon.
- e) Adlai Stevenson.
- f) Stuart Symington.

19. "If you think Andy Jackson had an inauguration party, wait until I get there."

20. "Of course it is important to elect a good man with good intentions—Lincoln and Buchanan were both good men of good intentions—but there is a Lincoln Room in the White House and no Buchanan Room."

21. "The Democratic Party doesn't practice political birth control."

22. "Harry Truman was somewhat of a table pounder. He got some results that way. Mr. Eisenhower is a persuader. He's gotten results, too."

23. "I would look on any office with great respect."

24. "I certainly would like to be President."

Labor

25. Into retirement went this labor leader, who once called a Vice President of the U.S. "a labor-baiting, poker-playing, whisky-drinking, evil old man":

- a) George Meany.
- b) William Green.
- c) Harry Bridges.
- d) John L. Lewis.

Louisiana

26. Louisiana finally turned the back of its ballot on the Long dynasty, and nominated for Governor:

- a) New Orleans Mayor deLesseps Morrison.
- b) Herman Talmadge.
- c) Earl Short.
- d) Songwriter Jimmie Davis.

Crime

27. Chicago cops rounded up a gang of thieves and found that most of them were:

- a) Juveniles.
- b) Gangsters.
- c) Women.
- d) Cops.

FOREIGN NEWS

The Nations

28. Identify the leader who said: "Why blame the Lord God and say that the grain didn't ripen? Sow in time, and then the Lord will say, you did your part and now I'll do mine."

- a) Pope John.
- b) Konrad Adenauer.
- c) Nikita Khrushchev.
- d) The Shah of Iran.

29. As the "population explosion" became a topic of worldwide discussion, *all but one* of the following emerged as important factors:

- a) A baby is born in the U.S. every eleven seconds.
- b) In the world, three babies are born every second.
- c) The world has little empty space left.
- d) The annual birth rate in India equals the population of New York City.



30. The number of refugees still displaced around the world and existing on U.N. doles totals:

- a) 2,500,000
- b) 40,000,000
- c) 30,000,000
- d) 100,000

France

31. At the heart of the trouble in Algeria was the French settlers' belief that President Charles de Gaulle had:

- a) Been too severe in his treatment of Algerian rebels.
- b) Gone too far in offering the Algerians self-determination.
- c) Gone too far to the right.
- d) Given too much power to the army.

32. When De Gaulle ousted Antoine Pinay as Finance Minister, it became clear that the French President is:

- a) Moving out of his government men with independent political strength.
- b) Moving farther to the right in economic policy.
- c) Ridding his government of bankers.
- d) Losing his grip on the Cabinet.

Russia

33. Announcing a new more-rattle-for-a-ruble armament policy, Nikita Khrushchev said *all but one* of the following:

- a) Standing armed forces will be reduced from 3,623,000 to 2,423,000.
- b) The new program will save the government \$1.6 billion.
- c) It will result in a balanced budget.
- d) Conventional weapons will be cut in favor of missiles.

34. A rapidly growing facet of private enterprise in the Soviet Union is:

- a) Selling autos.
- b) Production of vodka.
- c) Leasing houses to commuters.
- d) Selling land.

Egypt

35. When the Soviet Union said it was ready to join in construction of the second stage of the Aswan Dam, President Nasser of the United Arab Republic sent back:

- a) A statement that the U.A.R. can do the rest itself.
- b) His "greatly overjoyed" acceptance.
- c) A "reluctant acceptance."
- d) A statement that Egypt wants the West to finance the second phase.

India

36. Prime Minister Nehru worked hard to stir up a good welcome for Soviet President Voroshilov because he:

- a) Regards the Soviets as on his side in restraining Communist China.
- b) Considers the Soviet Union democratic rather than communist.
- c) Wants to get military aid from the Soviet Union.
- d) Wants to form an Indian-Russian alliance.

Japan

37. Premier Kishi, who traveled to Washington to sign a new U.S.-Japanese Treaty, in the past did *all but one* of the following:

- a) Participated in the decisions leading to Pearl Harbor.
- b) Served three years in prison as a war-crime suspect.
- c) Signed Japan's declaration of war against the U.S.
- d) Became Premier within a year after war's end.

38. The new U.S.-Japanese Treaty pledges *all but one* of the following:

- a) Both nations will react if the forces of either are attacked in Japan.
- b) Japan agrees to severely limit its exports to the U.S.
- c) The two will consult before U.S. forces in Japan receive nuclear arms.
- d) Japan is released from further support of U.S. troops in Japan.

Iran

39. The Shah of Iran took a bride—after she was "discovered" by his:

- a) Previous wife.
- b) Daughter.
- c) Son.
- d) Minister of son-in-law.

Africa

40. At the Kenya constitutional conference the African members' chief special adviser was:

- a) Kwame Nkrumah.
- b) Thurgood Marshall.
- c) Jomo Kenyatta.
- d) Tom Mboya.

Great Britain

41. Sir Anthony Eden published his memoirs, and one of the major villains of the piece was:

- a) John Foster Dulles.
- b) Harold Macmillan.
- c) Eisenhower.
- d) Konrad Adenauer.





LATIN AMERICA

Latin America was an area of up-roar and trouble on one hand, and of heartening achievement on the other. Match each of these statements with the correct letter from the map.

42. During the last year, one third of the \$850 million U.S. investment in this chaotic country has been seized by the revolutionary government.

43. Despite trouble, an austere dictatorship of long standing held firm on this half of an island.

44. In hate-the-U.S. demonstrations here, rioters attempted to plant their flag on the important piece of U.S.-controlled property.

45. President Manuel Prado called for a hemisphere disarmament conference—but his navy was buying two cruisers from Britain.

46. This country will soon occupy its new custom-built capital, the newest city in the world.

47. Ruled most of its 130 years by dictators this oil-rich country was making genuine progress as a constitutional democracy.

48. Here President Arturo Frondizi weathered many a political and economic crisis.

49. This country's President, while amassing a solid record of progress, visited the U.S. and Canada last fall, plans a visit soon to Russia.

50. On this half of an island where the presence of the U.S. Marines was once an emotional and troublesome issue, the Marines are back helping to train local troops.

CANADA

51. In prosperous Canada, Prime Minister John Diefenbaker outlined an agenda for Parliament which called for:

- A big new military program.
- No drastic changes.
- An ambitious industrial development program.
- A sweeping revision of welfare policy.

52. Quebec had its second new premier in four months. His name:

- Maurice Duplessis.
- Paul Sauvé.
- Antonio Barrette.
- Maurice Richard.

PEOPLE

53. He was teeing off on a golf course one day when someone used the word handicap, and he cracked: "Talk about handicap—I'm a one-eyed Negro Jew." His name:

- Sugar Ray Robinson.
- Nat King Cole.
- Sammy Davis Jr.
- Cab Calloway.

54. He was promoted without a raise in pay, and his boss said: "He has earned the job. We need a good man right away to do it."

- Thomas Gates.
- Elvis Presley.
- Eddie Rickenbacker.
- Jacques Massu.

55. He said: "I would give almost anything I have to reverse the course of my life in the last three years."

- Errol Flynn.
- Robert Spears.
- Mennen Williams.
- Charles Van Doren.

ART

56. An American collector gave a group of 50-odd sculptures to Israel's National Museum. The collector:

- Robert Lehman.
- Billy Rose.
- Averell Harriman.
- Huntington Hartford.

CINEMA

57. The most expensive movie ever made was beginning to pay for itself:

- Black Orpheus.*
- The Ten Commandments.*
- Ben-Hur.*
- They Came to Cordura.*

EDUCATION

58. In Dixie-oriented Washington, D.C., where "massive" integration of the public school system began in 1954, Negroes now make up this percentage of the student body:

- 50%. b) 26%. c) 76%. d) 10%.

59. In the Soviet Union, the educational system is pushing toward—but is far from—a goal set by Khrushchev to have all children:

- Take art.
- Study agriculture.
- Go to boarding schools.
- Learn to fly.

MEDICINE

60. One of the serious new challenges besetting the medical profession is that certain strains of *Staphylococcus* bacteria are:

- Causing nervous disorders.
- Resistant to the new wonder drugs.
- A cause of cancer.
- Increasing alcoholism.

61. After years of bitter argument, spokesmen for the two sides in the smoking-and-cancer controversy met in San Francisco and agreed:

- Most lung cancer is caused by cigarette smoking.
- Most of it is caused by general atmospheric pollution.
- Both appear to play a part.
- Neither is a factor.

62. A new device in the treatment of heart disease is the portable "pacemaker," which, through an electrode attached to the heart:

- Causes the patient to slow down.
- Regulates the flow of blood.
- Restores an ailing heart to normal beat.
- Reduces tensions.

63. After studying the sleeping habits of youngsters, a University of Munich pediatrician came to *all but one* of the following conclusions:

- Early-to-bed is always a good policy.
- Children need less sleep than many parents believe.
- Ten-year-olds need only ten hours' sleep.
- 14-year-olds need not more than nine hours.



MUSIC

64. *The Joy of Music* is the title of a new:

- Popular song.
- Musical on Broadway.
- Tennessee Williams play.
- Book by Leonard Bernstein.

65. The season's big new star at the Metropolitan Opera is Soprano:

- Risë Stevens.
- Lily St. Cyr.
- Birgit Nilsson.
- Anne Bancroft.

PRESS

66. The battle between newspapermen and TV newsmen erupted as:

- Eisenhower banned TV at his regular press conferences.
- All three major TV networks announced that their men no longer would appear at "separate but equal" news conferences scheduled for TV.

by the governors of New York and California.

- c) Speaker Sam Rayburn decided to allow TV cameras in the House.
d) The Republican National Committee voted against TV speeches.

67. In Cuba, Fidel Castro closed in on the press, with *all but one* of the following results:

- a) Havana-based foreign correspondents were subjected to a barrage of abuse.
b) Newspapers were forced to run statements that stories which criticized the Castro regime were untrue.
c) A leading Cuban editor fled the country.
d) The government seized all daily newspapers.



RELIGION

68. After years of study of the Methodist Church's racial policy, a church commission said that segregation should be:

- a) Continued indefinitely.
b) Abolished at once.
c) Wiped out gradually over a period of five years.
d) Eliminated in the North but not in the South.

69. After a trip through the Soviet Union, a World Council of Churches delegation reported *all but one* of the following:

- a) Religion in the Soviet Union is "remarkably rich and intense."
b) Theological seminaries are well filled with high-caliber students.
c) Congregations are surprisingly large.
d) Religious youth groups are active.

SCIENCE

70. On the desert in Utah, a big plant is rushing construction of the Minuteman, which is a:

- a) Solid-fuel missile.
b) New type of plane.
c) New radar device.
d) Space capsule.

71. The U.S. Navy sent its bathyscaphe to the bottom of the Marianas Trench and found that the trench is *all but one* of the following:

- a) 1.7 miles deeper than Mount Everest is high.
b) Uninhabited by any sea life.
c) Half a mile deeper than expected.
d) Covered at the bottom with soft silt.

SHOW BUSINESS

72. In a number of varied performances he proved his versatility as an actor and became one of the TV hits of the season:

- a) Mickey Rooney. b) Jackie Gleason.
c) Art Carney. d) Lawrence Welk.

73. In the wake of the TV investigations, all three major networks promised that they will:

- a) Devote at least one hour every week to public-service shows.

- b) Drop all quiz shows.
c) Drop all crime shows.
d) Ban disk jockeys.

74. Watching taste in music, musicians concluded that rock 'n' roll is:

- a) Hotter than ever.
b) Suffering a decline.
c) Spreading from teen-agers to adults.
d) Holding its own.

SPORT

75. Guy Rodgers, the shortest full-time starter in the National Basketball Association, stands:

- a) An even 6 ft. c) 6 ft. 5 in.
b) 5 ft. 5 in. d) An even 5 ft.

76. The holder of the world record in the high jump, a college freshman, was back in the air after recovering from a serious injury. His name:

- a) John Thomas. c) Gordon Howe.
b) Traudl Hecher. d) Lars Macropus.

77. The 1960 Winter Olympics will be held at:

- a) Rome. b) Squaw Valley, Idaho.
c) Sun Valley. d) Squaw Valley, Calif.

BUSINESS

78. As the problems of the commuter grew more serious in almost every U.S. metropolitan area, New Haven Railroad President George Alpert was pushing as the main solution:

- a) More bus lines.
b) More helicopter service.
c) A Government subsidy.
d) More railroads.

79. Following a seasonal pattern, the stock market in the first weeks of 1960:

- a) Rose.
b) Dropped steadily.
c) Held steady.
d) Rose sharply, then fell sharply.

80. This industry leader said, with good reason: "Ours is the only major industry where prices are lower—and yet quality is higher—than ten years ago."

- a) Textileman James Spencer Love.
b) Sugarman Boyd MacNaughton.
c) Boatman William C. Scott.
d) General Electric's Ralph Cordiner.

81. In the fourth quarter of 1959, corporate profits in the U.S.:

- a) Rose in nearly all industries.
b) Just held even.
c) Dropped.
d) Ran below the same quarter of 1958.

82. One of the hottest economic issues in election year 1960 is the interest ceiling on long-term Government bonds, which stands at:

- a) 5%. b) 4¼%. c) 6%. d) 3%.

83. The new compact cars:

- a) Are failing to sell.
b) Have taken less than 1.5% of the auto market.
c) Are outselling standard cars.
d) Have grabbed about 25% of the market.

84. One of the negative factors in the U.S. economic picture for 1959 was

the fact that the U.S. balance of trade showed a deficit of:

- a) \$4 billion. c) \$10 million.
b) \$75 billion. d) \$4 million.

BOOKS

85. *All but one* of the following have been on the nonfiction bestseller list for several weeks:

- a) *Folk Medicine*.
b) *The Status Seekers*.
c) *Advise and Consent*.
d) *Act One*.

THEATER

86. *All but one* of the following are new Broadway shows based on the lives of famous people:

- a) *The Sound of Music*.
b) *The Miracle Worker*.
c) *Fiorello!*
d) *The Tenth Man*.

MILESTONES

87. Born To Mme. Jacques Charrier, a 7-lb. boy (name: Nicholas Jacques). Mother is:

- a) An actress. c) A sculptress.
b) A figure skater. d) A columnist.

88. Died. A 60-year-old author (*On the Beach*) who once said he would prefer to die "in an aeroplane, since aeroplanes have been the best part of my life": of a stroke. His name:

- a) Albert Camus. c) Havelock Ellis.
b) Ronald Knox. d) Nevil Shute.

89. Died. A 46-year-old author (*The Myth of Sisyphus*) who would have considered the way he died, in a speeding sports car, absurd. His name:

- a) Nevil Shute. c) Ronald Knox.
b) Havelock Ellis. d) Albert Camus.

90. Died. Margaret Sullivan, 50, actress, who after death revealed a cause of her tragic behavior. She left:

- a) A note about her frustrations.
b) Her ear bones to the cause of medical research on deafness.
c) All her property to a church.
d) Her full estate to a hospital.



Watch the Language

Match the word and the meaning:

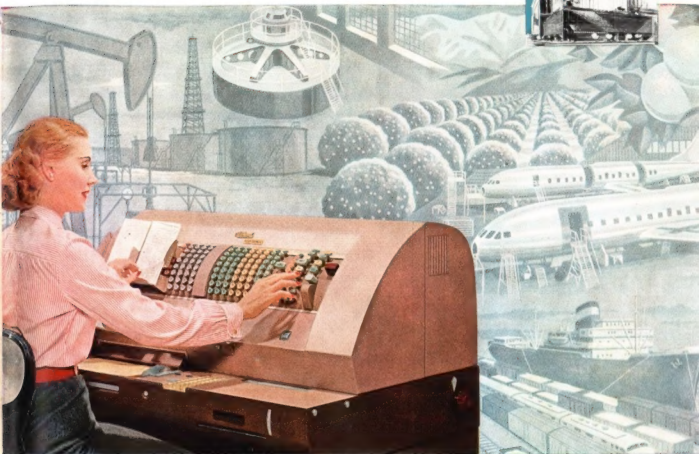
- a) exobiology. **91.** A summer house.
b) connection. **92.** The study of life that may exist beyond this earth.
c) Outer Seven. **93.** A dope supplier.
d) magnetohydrodynamics. **94.** A European economic league.
e) kook. **95.** Way out.
f) barfy. **96.** The study of plasmas of ionized particles.
g) Endsville. **97.** An odd bird.
h) naturopath. **98.** A mysterious virus.
i) Q flu. **99.** One who professes to heal by use of air, light, water, vibrations, heat, etc.
j) gazebo. **100.** Sick; really sick.

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